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## COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

THE exposures of the Royal British Bank have again awakened reflections which had slumbered since the days of Paul, St. John, and Bates. It is high time that the world became awake to the real bearings of such events as this failure. They involve two classes, neither very fit persons to endure loss; first, the shareholders of modest means, desirous of doing a little honest speculation; secondly, the man of business, of equally modest (in many cases of much smaller) means, to whom it is a great convenience to have a banker. But supposing—as there are plenty to tell us—that, after all, the whole business is a very small affair in so great a world of trade, still it is important as a representative affair. People are like each other. For one who acts reprehensibly and gets found out, there must be several who, equally reprehensible in conduct, manage to escape. You take an average handful of a class, and you have a right to believe that they are pretty good representatives of the class. The imprudence or recklessness of A. or B. is not altogether personal: he reflects the tone of his world in some degree. A whole street does not die of the cholera, but the existence of cholera is an index of its salubrity. We have therefore a right—with every respect for the general character of English commerce—to say, that a study of the British Bank phenomenon must throw light on the evils to which those who take part in it are exposed.

Now, we are too just to human nature to believe—as we daresay the shareholders, whose wounds are fresh, believe—that a “British Bank” is a deliberate system of deceit from the beginning. The directors gradually slide into mischief, like Pope’s Sir Balaban. They

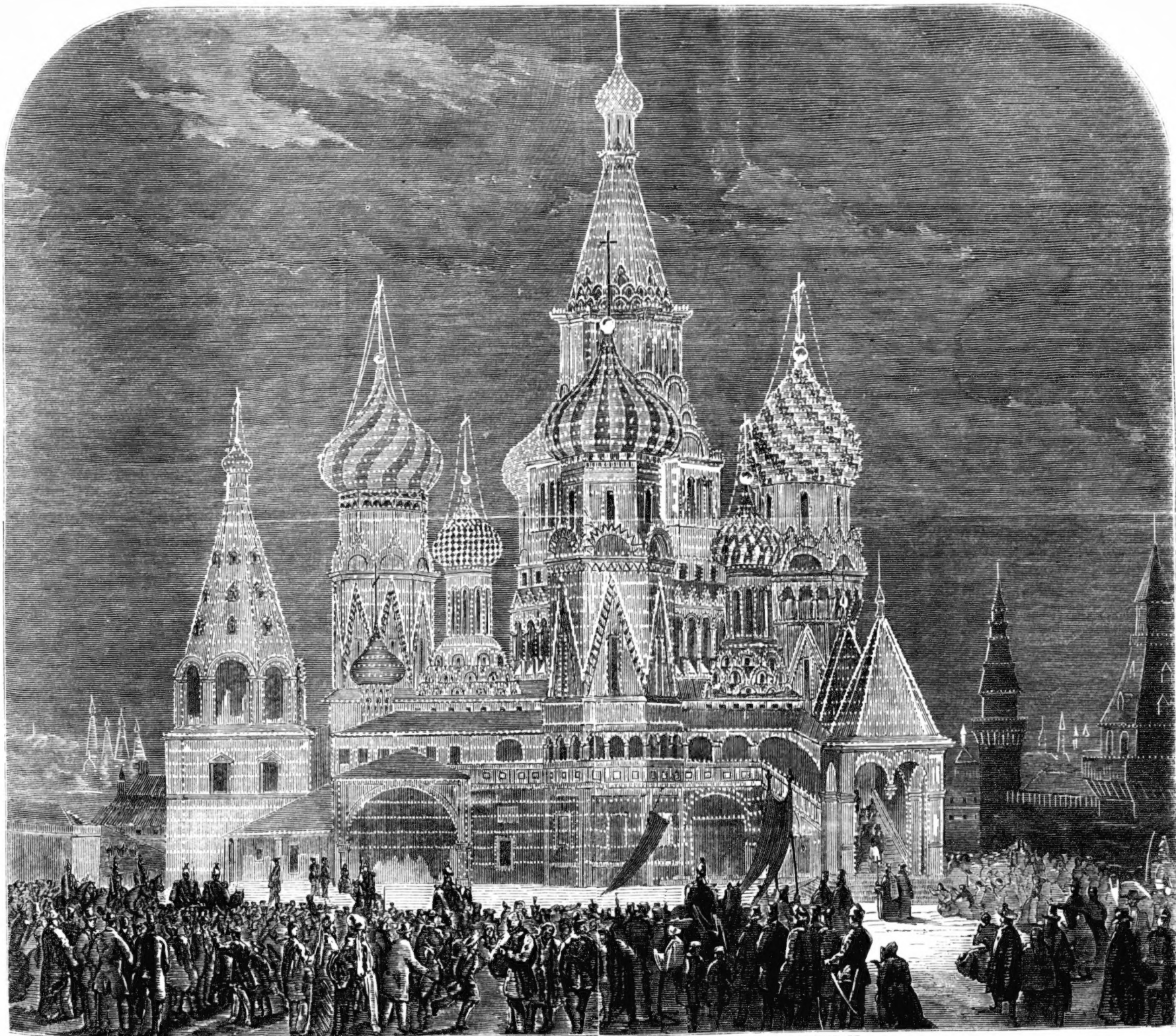
commence with the notion that they are going to succeed, as their prosperous neighbours have succeeded. This everybody must postulate; and, indeed, it is one necessary element of all success, to believe that you are going to be successful. Well, the “irregularities” are commenced (such is the polite euphuism for the process by which directors use shareholders’ money), and the notion is that the coming success is to make it all right; but presently the success is found to be not so readily forthcoming as was expected. Here, then, exclaims the shareholder, you ought to have stopped, and at least let us (your victims) know how affairs were going. So exclaims the shareholder after the event; but it is easier to say these things than to do them. Trade shares the hopes and passions of other forms of life, and he who is committed to a risk is exceedingly likely to try his fortunes farther before he has the firmness to stop. Beginning by being a speculator, he advances to the stage of a gambler.

But does not the shareholder meanwhile—with less moral responsibility, indeed—really share the director’s weakness? Is he not somewhat too ready to believe in the propriety of his dividend of six per cent.? Does he not get hooked by an undue desire for bait? Not that this excuses the director, of course, but it helps to explain the existence of the “do.” This is the moral of Mr. Thackeray’s pretty and philosophical little story of the “Hoggarty Diamond.” It is because men want more than they ought reasonably to expect, that they get less than they are honestly entitled to.

Every weakness of our modern commercial character seems to have been exemplified in the story of this “Royal British Bank.” The accountant tells the shareholders, in so many words, that there

never ought to have been a dividend at all; yet the shareholders appear to have had blind credulity in the concern to the last. The directors, on the other hand, had begun the system of “cash credit” and “discount accounts” in 1850. On the recommendation of a firm, thousands were advanced to parties, whose account got all wrong almost immediately. Finding themselves failing as bankers, the directors must needs set up as miners: an unsuccessful bank is saddled with an expensive mine. “At that time,” says the chairman, “the iron market fell flat.” So they went on spending money, of which they were in want, on a mine, to produce iron for which there was no market. In a short time, seventy or eighty thousand pounds was incurred over this hopeless business.

But the inexcusable part of the affair is the way in which this injudicious speculation was accompanied by losses to the shareholders from the directors themselves. “Mr. Humphrey Brown, M.P.,” seems to have been a particularly expensive article. No doubt it is a fine thing to have a “Parliament man” in one’s transactions; but when he costs you £70,098, he is a bad bargain. Other cases there are of the same stamp; but we are told that the quondam manager, Mr. Cameron, not only incurred a “total” of £29,902, but gave securities which proved to be previously encumbered. How far this is true, we cannot say; but, if true, there can only be one opinion about it. And while the affairs of the bank were in the state we have seen, they were all the while represented as so “flourishing,” that dupes were made quite recently. This is one of the worst features of the case; but it puzzles us how, in a town where people’s affairs are so much discussed by their neighbours, such delusion is possible.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR—THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL AT MOSCOW, ILLUMINATED.



As the case stands, it turns out to be worse than was apprehended. But with every compassion for the shareholders, we are bound to say that our first sympathies are given to the depositors. They never "went in" for large profits; and while the shareholders are defrauded, they at least go unpaid and are robbed downright. The danger to all parties is, that the enraged shareholders may reject all proposals, and the whole concern be committed to the "law's" delay, for the profit of those low jackals whose prey is found among ruins. We most earnestly warn the shareholders on this point, for, let this be the result, and most of them will find their share of the trouble end only with their natural lives. Sooner or later, they must make up their minds to the loss; and the later, the larger will it be.

It is perhaps useless to moralise on the moral of the whole transaction, but if anything can teach men, it is pecuniary disaster. We do not presume to say that such directors as we have been dealing with are the common directors of the renowned houses of business of London; we should be sorry to believe, and it would be mad to assert, any such thing. But, at least, it is certain that the sensibility of corporations is not delicate—that the passion for gambling is strong—that the love of money is universal—and that there is a growing tendency to unsoundness in many of our business doings. People are apt to forget that commerce and credit, like everything else, rests at last on the basis of morals and of prudence, and that our own morals and prudence are the best guides we can have in inquiring into those of other people. No human being can devise a plan for preventing failures in business, but it does depend a good deal on himself by what failure he shall be a sufferer.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THE entire number of arrests made on account of the plot discovered against the life of the Emperor last week, is forty-nine. Some of the prisoners were seized when assembled together, and others were taken at their own places of residence. At Bordeaux alone there have been about twenty arrests of the same kind. There is a report that the police have discovered a new secret society to which the persons seized belong.

It is now said that the Emperor will not return to Paris before the 1st of December. This intelligence, coming through the columns of a semi-official journal, has made a certain sensation, and caused some inquietude. Meanwhile, the Emperor amuses himself. On the 14th inst. there was a bull-fight at St. Esprit, near Bayonne; and the Emperor and Empress contemplated this "sport" by their presence. Attempts have from time to time been made to introduce bull-fighting into France, but they have hitherto failed. Perhaps they may succeed under "that great man," No.

The Paris journals have been lately pretty much occupied in discussing the tone recently acquired by the English press with regard to the Emperor and the Emperor. This "tone" does not appear to be satisfactory; but it is certain that, however that may be, it is the honest echo of public opinion.

### SPAIN.

O'DONNELL'S Cabinet has just passed through a crisis. It appears that the Minister of Finance, M. Cantero, submitted a proposition to his colleagues for carrying out an existing law for the secularisation of church property in mortmain. The proposition was adopted without discussion; but neither the Queen nor the Minister of the Interior, M. Rosas, were present at the Council. When the decision became known to them, a discussion was raised. M. Rosas rebuked his colleagues, and the Queen would not sanction the measure of M. Cantero; who urged that the plan which he had proposed was a necessary part of his financial system, and declared that if it were rejected by the Queen he would no longer remain the Finance Minister. The President, Marshal O'Donnell, energetically took part with the Minister of Finance. He declared himself quite convinced that it was impossible to abstain from putting the law for the secularisation of mortmain property into execution. He represented that the law had received the Royal assent, and was not to be infringed or arbitrarily set aside. O'Donnell concluded by saying that he was resolved not to conceal the point, and that if the Queen would not approve of the proposal of M. Cantero, she must be pleased to accept his (the President's) resignation. Her Majesty is represented to have been much affected at this declaration. She replied that her conscience had suffered much alarm on account of her having sanctioned a measure so much to the prejudice of the Church, and steadily refused her assent to its going any further. The Council broke up, and a few minutes after O'Donnell had a private audience of the Queen. The result was that the Marshal gave way. The obnoxious plan was withdrawn, the resignation of M. Cantero was accepted, and Marshal O'Donnell is still her Majesty's Minister. Salveria has been appointed in place of Cantero.

We announced last week, in a second edition, that the Constitution of 1845 had been re-established, with certain additional articles. A telegraphic despatch from Madrid declares that the constitution has been well received; but there is nothing remarkable in the assertion, for no other intelligence would have been allowed to pass.

The speedy return of Narvaez to Spain can now hardly be deemed doubtful. The Madrid journals of the 17th express this expectation. The "Novedades" says—"An authorisation was yesterday, after the promulgation of the Constitution, sent to Marshal Serrano, to deliver to the Duke de Valencia (Narvaez) his passports if he should demand them." The "Nacion" also announces that the duke would soon return to Madrid.

A severe engagement took place on the 9th between the garrison of Melilla and the Moors of the environs, in which the latter suffered a serious loss. The Spanish troops had 19 killed and 70 wounded.

The cholera has appeared again in the Asturias. A terrible storm has caused frightful ravages in the province of Leon.

The Madrid journals of the 18th announce the discovery of a Carlist conspiracy for causing a rising in the mountains of Toledo, and the arrest of thirteen persons concerned in it.

### AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA is placing her navy on a respectable footing. She wishes it at least to be on an equality with that of Piedmont, on the approach of which her flotilla withdrew in 1848, when Admiral Albini blockaded Venice. The Emperor has converted the Illyrian coast, from Cattaro to the mouth of the Po, into a maritime vicerealty, under the government of his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, who is to reside in the Admiralty at Trieste. The recruits levied within that Government are exclusively to serve on board the fleet; the timber cut down in its forests is to be employed in shipbuilding, and the troops quartered therein, and the battalions of riflemen lately created, are to be trained to the land and sea services. Austria will soon have a ship of the line afloat, the *Cesar*. Several frigates are now being constructed at Muggia and Pola, and others have been bought in the United States.

The "Danube," of Vienna, announces that the permanent committee of the countries watered by the Danube is to meet next month at Vienna, to deliberate on the police regulations concerning the navigation of the river.

### PRUSSIA.

ON Saturday evening the nuptials of the Princess Louisa of Prussia with the Grand Duke of Baden were solemnised in the Royal Schloss with all the prescriptive solemnities. Apropos of this matter, the "Times" correspondent says—"It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the conviction that this people does entertain a lively affection for the Royal Family, and most of all is the Prince of Prussia branch, the family of the King's next eldest brother, the object of this affection, mingled with hope and confidence in the future."

The wound of Prince Adalbert of Prussia is healing, and his health together greatly improved.

### RUSSIA.

THE Russian Government has just decided that the populations of the vast territory which it possesses beyond the Lake of Baikal, in Northern Asia, shall receive an organisation similar to that of certain populations of the Black Sea and the Don, and shall be called "Cossacks of the Baikal"; also that they shall form a special army, consisting however only of cavalry, commanded by a lieutenant. The Government has likewise decided that the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia shall have under his command the marine department which has just been established at Irkutsk, and which comprises the administration of the fleets and naval stations on the Pacific.

"The Empress-Dowager of Russia," says a letter from Berlin, "will be accompanied in her visit to Italy by the Grand Duke Constantine. Her Majesty will leave Moscow on the 23rd, and will proceed direct to Nice, via Warsaw and Vienna, and will not visit the Prussian capital until her return."

The Emperor of Russia has granted charters to three steam navigation companies. One in the Black Sea will ply between all the important ports of the Black, Mediterranean, and Adriatic Seas.

### ITALY.

THERE is now no doubt that the French Government, unless some unforeseen event occurs, is about to recall M. Brouier and the whole of the embassy from Naples, and that a similar course will be taken by the English Government. More than this, a naval demonstration in the Bay of Naples is seriously intended. A final note has been sent, or is on the point of being despatched, to the King by England and France. It is decided, and states a limited period for reply. If the King does not make the concessions herein demanded, an allied squadron, already under orders, will meet at Anzio, and there wait orders from London and Paris before appearing in the Bay of Naples, and taking on board the English and French Embassies. Four line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and two corvettes, is all the force proposed to be employed. The Neapolitan fleet is quite strong enough to meet this squadron, if the King is in a fighting humour, as he has one 80-gun frigate, several smaller frigates and corvettes, and a steam fleet of not less than twenty vessels. His Majesty is certainly making military demonstrations. It is stated that he has concentrated so large a body of troops near Naples that he could move 50,000 men on that city without taking a soldier from the garrisons.

The subscriptions for the guns of Alexandria are proceeding well. Count Cavour is reported to have given £500; the inhabitants of Carrara (Modena) have sent 535 francs; and the letter which accompanies this sum offers likewise the voluntary enrolment of a number of artillerymen sufficient to serve at least one gun. The inhabitants of Lezignano have sent 1,500 francs; and a letter from Genoa, of the 15th inst., says, that the defenders of Venice and Rome residing there had subscribed a sum sufficient to purchase one of the hundred guns. An eleventh list of subscriptions for the 10,000 muskets to be given to the first Italian province that rises in insurrection has also been published.

Piedmont, following the example of Austria, also intends to increase her navy. Several new ships have been recently added to her maritime force, and several others are about to be built.

Letters from Bologna, of the 5th inst., state that the provinces of Romagna and Umbria had been lately visited by Mazzinian agents, who had the audacity to give out that they were sent by the Sardinian Government to revolutionise the country. They stated that Piedmont would shortly raise the standard of Italian independence, and that her Parliament would proclaim itself the National Italian Parliament.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

A SERIOUS conflict took place on the 8th instant at Trebizonde. Some Turkish boatsmen tore down the flag of a Russian merchant vessel, and threw the sailors into the sea. The Russian Consul has demanded the dismissal of the commander of the town, an indemnity, and the punishment of the boatsmen with the bastinado. The Divan is inquiring into the matter.

The Austrian Intendencia has presented to the Sultan the Order of St. Stephen, in diamonds.

Austria notifies officially that she will occupy the Principalities until the difficulties of Turkey with Russia shall be completely arranged.

The squadron of Admiral Lyons has received orders by telegraph to remain, in consequence of the dispute relative to Belgrad and the Isle of Serpents. The French ships also are to arrive speedily.

The attempted revolt of the Balkans has been repressed. Saleh Pacha, concerned in the abduction of the Greek girl, has been acquitted, but severely admonished. The corporal has been found guilty of the murder of the young girl, and condemned to death; and the domestic intendant of the Pacha sentenced to the galleys.

Turkey is still bent on an expedition against the Montenegrins, as four battalions of the Guards have left Constantinople for that frontier. It was declared by the German papers some time since that Austria had successfully arranged the difficulty.

The town of Glemlek, on the Sea of Marmora, was lately burned. Not more than 30 houses were spared out of between 600 and 700.

The Naib chief of the Circassians, sent by Sefer Pacha, has arrived at Constantinople. Sefer Pacha, who is at the head of 30,000 men, has issued a proclamation, calling on all the Circassians to fight the Russians with energy.

### AMERICA.

THE interest of the intelligence from America turns upon the state of Kansas. As was anticipated, the Missourians had recovered from the effects of the successes which the Free-soilers had achieved by surprise. The belligerents had met in equal numbers at Ossawatimie; and the Free-soilers had been defeated with the loss of their leader, Mr. Brown, and his son, and twenty wounded. The Free-soilers had been driven out of Leavenworth, and their property confiscated. The correspondent of the "New York Tribune" and his brother were killed.

The United States Government is riding things with a high hand in the matter. A despatch from Mr. Marcy enables the new Governor, Colonel Geary, to enrol and organise the militia of the territory, to form an addition to the Federal troops already out; and a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, authorises the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois to assist the Governor of Kansas with an auxiliary force of two regiments of foot militia. The Free State party in Kansas are described in these documents as rebels and insurgents in open arms against the constituted Government, and the military commanders are ordered to take every measure to suppress "all combinations to resist the laws of the United States" and "suppress insurrection." In addition to the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois, General Smith, the Commander of the Federal forces, and General Richardson, are charged with the execution of these orders, and a formidable military display threatens the total annihilation of the Free State party, already jailed, and, to appearance, half suppressed.

There is reason to believe that the Government of Washington have determined to suppress the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco.

Letters from Greytown announce the arrival at that port, from New Orleans, and the immediate departure for Granada, of a party of seventeen persons, consisting of a certain Manenos, Walker's chief recruiting agent in the United States, of fifteen filibusters enlisted for the service of that audacious adventurer, and of the notorious M. Pierre Soule.

INTERNATIONAL BENEVOLENCE.—The "Congrès International de Bienfaisance" has been opened at Brussels under the direct influence of the Government; M. de Decker, Minister of the Interior, and M. Liefts, Councillor of State, taking part in the deliberations. The President was M. Charles Rogier, member of the Chamber of Representatives. The Englishmen present were Mr. William Cowper, President of the Board of Health, Mr. John Simon, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, and Mr. F. O. Ward. M. Rogier opened the proceedings with a speech describing the objects of the Congress: "The amelioration, physical, intellectual, and moral of the poorer classes—the consideration of questions which effect the material life of the people, i.e., food, housing, clothing, manual labour, &c. &c. The 'Montenap Belge' officially reports the speeches of the delegates from various countries—England, France, Prussia, Austria, Holland. King Leopold invited the members of the International Congress of Bienfaisance to a grand banquet on Thursday week.

### SHIPWRECKS—LOSS OF LIFE.

#### LOSS OF THE IMOGENE.

At three o'clock, on Sunday morning, a fearful collision took place close by the Bury Lights, between the *Imogene*, bound for Portland, and the *St. George*, bound for the coast of France. The collision was at the bows of the *Imogene*, the *St. George* being unusually early, with but a very light breeze. At the time mentioned she was steaming along at the rate of about eight knots per hour, when, all of a sudden, a terrific crash was heard, followed by a loud explosion, and the *Imogene* was blown up. She had struck the *Imogene* on the bow, and the hole of such magnitude that her fore-castle was speedily filled with water, and the steamer had half her side taken away, but was uninjured in bottom or timbers. The *Imogene* had been sailing on the windward tack, and had three large lights in her rigging; the steamer had also lights on board, and was shining brightly at the time, and scarcely a ripple was to be observed on the ocean. The loss of the unfortunate *Imogene* was soon ascertained, and her crew of the *Imogene*, which was now fast settling by the head. The rescued crew of the steamer were immediately hunched and put off to the rescue of the *Imogene*, which was now fast settling by the head. They succeeded, in about an hour, in lodging every one of the crew on board the steamer. The captain was the last man to leave the ship, which he had scarcely done when she sank. Not a particle of the cargo, which was valued at about £6000, was saved. There were two ladies passengers on board the *Imogene*, one of whom lost £2000, and the other £700. The *Imogene* was 386 tons register. She was a new vessel, on her third voyage.

#### WRECK OF A FINNISH VESSEL.

At an early hour on this morning of last week, a large brig, apparently a foreigner, was observed to be running ashore at Dunnet, on the Caithness coast, and soon after to strike on a rock. There was a strong gale blowing, and a heavy sea running at the time. Soon after striking the vessel drifted off a bar, and was carried towards a deep pool of water, that is locally known as "Dunnet Cove," where she stuck fast. In a very short time the masts were overboard, and the vessel assumed the appearance of an entire wreck. Being deeply laden the heavy keels gave against the ledge of rock soon stove in her bow, and the vessel soon after lay with her stern at a great height and the bow under water. A large crowd of people soon gathered opposite the scene of disaster, but as no boat of service was to be found nothing could be done to save the crew for several hours after the vessel was driven ashore. With feelings of the most intense agony they observed one after another of the hapless men washed overboard and covered beneath the waves; and their sorrow was greatly increased when a female was noticed on board. For a considerable time she maintained her position near the stern, holding on by some lashings, but the waves at last appeared to have mastered her, and she too was observed to be carried away by a billow and to sink under the waters. At length, about three hours after the vessel struck, a boat was brought from Scarferry, and has been bravely ventured to save the remainder of the crew, now reduced to five. The names of the fishermen are—Donald Thomson, James Murray, David Lyall, John Nicholson, and John Dunnet; and their efforts were as glad to say, were crowned with success: the two men were safely landed. The vessel turned out to be the *Antio*, of Vasa, in Finland, from Liverpool to Vasa. The captain's wife, who also unfortunately perished, was on board, and, out of eight of a crew, only these two were saved. On Tuesday evening the body of the captain's wife was washed ashore, and was decently interred in Dunnet churchyard. The vessel is of course a total wreck.

### OBITUARY.

LAUDERDALE, COUNTESS OF.—On the 16th inst., at Thirlestane, in the county of Berwick, Eleanor, Countess of Lauderdale, aged 91. The Countess was daughter of Anthony Todd Eyre, and widow of James, eighth Earl of Lauderdale, who died September 13, 1839, by whom she had surviving issue, the present Earl, Sir Anthony Marjoribank, Lady Eleanor Balfour, and Lady Mary Stanley. Numerous families of rank are joined in mourning by the event.

RAMSAY, COLONEL.—On the 20th inst., at Thurso, N.B., died Lieut.-Colonel John Ramsay. He was son of the late Lieut.-General the Honourable John Ramsay, brother of the late Earl, and uncle of the present Marquis of Dalhousie.

HUNTER, ALDERMAN.—This highly respected alderman and magistrate of the City of London, who was member of the Corporation for the long term of thirty-two years, died on Monday last at the advanced age of 75 years. He was born at Bury St. Edmunds, where he was educated in company with the late Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield. Alderman Hunter was elected a member of the Ward of Coleman Street in the year 1823; in 1843 he was elected alderman of the third ward; he was made Sheriff in 1844; Lord Mayor in 1851.

### IRELAND.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.—The Lord-Lieutenant is to leave Ireland about the middle of the ensuing month for England, where his Excellency will remain for some weeks. Mr. Horsman, the Chief Secretary, is to arrive in Dublin before Lord Carlisle takes his departure.

AN IRISH LANDLADY.—A very interesting event came off at Carnlough, in the county of Antrim, on Thursday week. The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry entertained 255 of the tenantry of her Antrim estates at dinner in the Market House. Her son, Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest, occupied the chair, and amongst those present were the Protestant, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic clergymen, and several of the local gentry. The Dowager Marchioness sat on the right of the chairman, and on the toast of her health having been given by the vice chairman, her Ladyship rose and returned thanks. She declared that her fondest wish was to live in the hearts of her tenantry. "I have always had a strong conviction," said her Ladyship, "that the employer and employed should be brought together. I must now congratulate you on the improvement of Ireland generally, and this district particularly. Poverty has disappeared, and this poor little village is rapidly growing into a small thriving town. I wish I could speak as strongly as to the advance of agriculture, but, alas! it is still in a very primitive state; and, although I believe many of you are making great exertions, much, very much, is still to be done. I regret to find, too, that, as I attempt to get up a flower-show has not been so successful as I could have hoped, and I am told I ought to look after pig-sties before gardens. On the other hand, I am glad some little emulation has been shown in competing for the premiums for the best turms. I hope in another year the whole scheme may work better, and eventually produce good. It is always a great matter to make a beginning—time, patience, and energy must complete the result. I think it right to say that on going over the townlands the greatest improvement I have seen is in Drumcree, where John McCulloch and James Watt are most energetic. In Lagganmore, Alexander McMullen is a pattern of industry. The O'Neills in Ballymacalrick, the O'Leons, George Hasty, and Patrick O'Boyle, are all exerting themselves. It might be invidious to go on, but I think these few are deserving of the praise and notice given. In general, I found industrious people and contented spirits; and I can only hope they will improve their condition in the future as much as they have done in the past; and, once more, let me repeat my thanks for the attachment you profess and the warmth of feeling you have shown." The proceedings were a very novel and interesting.

AGRIAN OUTRAGE.—On Saturday morning a shot was fired into the house of Mr. Samu I Thorne, at Grangeville, by one of a party who were passing in a car. The gun was loaded with small stones and shot, but no injury was done. This vile act seems to have been prompted by a misunderstanding which existed between this gentleman and some labourers relative to the cutting down of his corn with a scythe instead of the hook. Two persons have been arrested on suspicion.

ACCIDENT AT A WAKE.—An accident recently occurred at a wake in Killala which was very near ending fatally. During the night the floor of an upper room, in which the body was laid out and the people assembled, gave way, and fell with its living weight into a cellar beneath. A scene of terrible confusion ensued.

### SCOTLAND.

INCREASED VALUE OF LAND AND PROPERTY IN SCOTLAND.—By tables of returns which have been obtained by the Board of Trade, it appears that the acreage of Scotland is now set down at 20,019,432 acres. In 1674 this acreage and the house property on it were valued for land and houses at £319,281; in 1855-56 they were valued at £8,155,972. The valuation for the county of Aberdeen in the former year was £19,418; last year it was £526,040; the county of Ayr, at £15,967 and £610,926; but the county of Lanark showed the greatest increase, the valuation in 1674 being only £13,511, while in the latter it was £870,562.

RIOTING AT DUMFRIES.—There has been some daring rioting at Dumfries. There seems to be a partial strike among the carpenters; a number of unionists attacked carpenters in Mr. Denny's service; three of the assailants were arrested, and lodged in the police-office. At night, a large number of unionists collected, marched to the police-office, broke the windows, and forced open the door. Hoping to stop violence that they were unable to repress, the police liberated the three prisoners. The mob, however, still poured in showers of stones. After a time they went to Mr. Denny's and broke all the windows. The military in the Castle were now sent for; but before they arrived the rioters had dispersed.

FORBES MACKENZIE AND THE THIRTY TAR.—A doughty son of Neptune, while passing along Broomielaw after eleven o'clock, one evening lately, made several unsuccessful attempts to gain admittance to the public-house, and gave vent, in no measured terms, against Forbes Mackenzie's Act. On arriving at the east corner of Jamaica Street, where the Post Office pillar letter-box is fixed, Jack felt the erection carefully, and exclaimed, in hearing of the watchman, "Blow me, if Forbes Mackenzie hasn't locked up the pump-handle."



ROYAL BRITISH BANK

**A ROMAN MINE IN MONTGOMERYSHIRE.**—An old Roman copper shaft has been discovered a short distance from Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, and a small Roman pick and salmon spear have been found in it. The pick is nine inches from point to point, in form like the common pickaxe, and is in the possession of Mr. Weston, in the above town. A fine lode of copper was discovered in driving the level, and two strong lodes in the shaft. The shaft is fifty feet deep, driven through the solid rock.

**CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.**—The "concerts for the people" have been removed from Newman Street to a more spacious locale, and on Monday night performance of vocal and instrumental music, in most respects superior to the old entertainment, inaugurated a new series in St. Martin's Hall. The prices were reduced, and now commence at threepence instead of twopence, one shilling being still the maximum charge. One of the intended features of these entertainments is a species of literary interlude, consisting of readings from the poets, to be given between the parts of the concert. On Monday night an inaugural address, specially written for the occasion by Mr. Leigh Hunt, was delivered by Mr. Henry Mayhew.

**LORD LUCAN ASKS THE "DAILY NEWS"**—The "Daily News" announce that the Earl of Lucan has commenced an action against that journal for libel. The libel was an article on the Chinese Inquiry, which appeared in the paper on the 26th of July. The "Daily News" offered to open its columns to Lord Lucan; he rejected the offer, and demanded an apology. Next, he was requested to point out the passages regarded as libellous; he refused. The alternative was an apology or an action. The proprietors of the journal have resolved to meet the Earl in a court of law.

Biarriz is, however, distinguished from other places by the number and variety of its bathers, who come from all parts of Europe, and who belong to every rank of society. It is usual for the Basque population to visit this place every year, and it is amusing to observe the manners of these honest bathers, who are induced by family tradition to come here with as much solemnity as the true believers who yearly make their pilgrimage to Mecca. The Basque mountaineer deems it an obligation to drink of the mineral waters of Cambo (the Biarriz of the mountain) once a year, as well as to bathe in the sea at Biarriz, and their great ablution takes place on the Sunday following the assumption.

Among the most important edifices in Biarritz is the new church where the Emperor, with the members of the Imperial Court and his fa-



spouse have been in the habit of hearing mass on Sundays. It was built last year on account of the increase of population, when the old chapel was found too small to accommodate the congregation, some of whom were obliged to group themselves on the outside while the service was being performed.

#### THE VILLA EUGENIE.

The imperial residence is by no means so fine a place as one would probably suppose. Convenient for bathing, it presents few advantages otherwise. For some days after the Emperor's arrival workmen were employed in stopping up the apertures through which the water oozed to his private room. The house occupies a low barren spot, so close to the sea that when the wind is high, the spray dashes against the windows, and the grounds offer neither opportunities of shelter in rough weather, nor recreation in fine. Of course, it was not to be expected that the ladies of the Imperial Court, (for whom see "Illustrated Times," No. 24,) should regard such a place with favour, and their complaints are said to have been both loud and deep. The Emperor, it is reported, was greatly amused at the confusion and dismay exhibited by the crinolined ladies of honour when they were first ushered to the rooms allotted to their use in the little palace. "Mon Dieu!" cried one, "not so large as the cell in the convent

frequented by the ordinary visitors to Biarritz, but a favourite resort of the aristocratic bathers. It is formed from a small creek sheltered from the surge of the sea, and is quite retired.

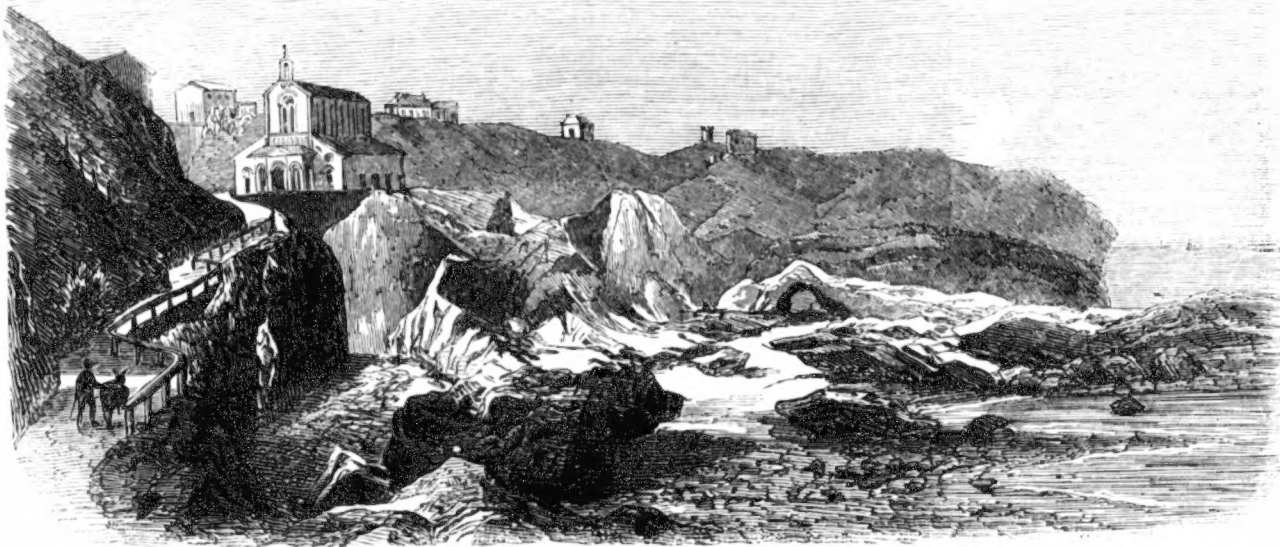
#### THE EMPEROR'S VISIT.

The Emperor's stay at this place will depend on the weather, which, until

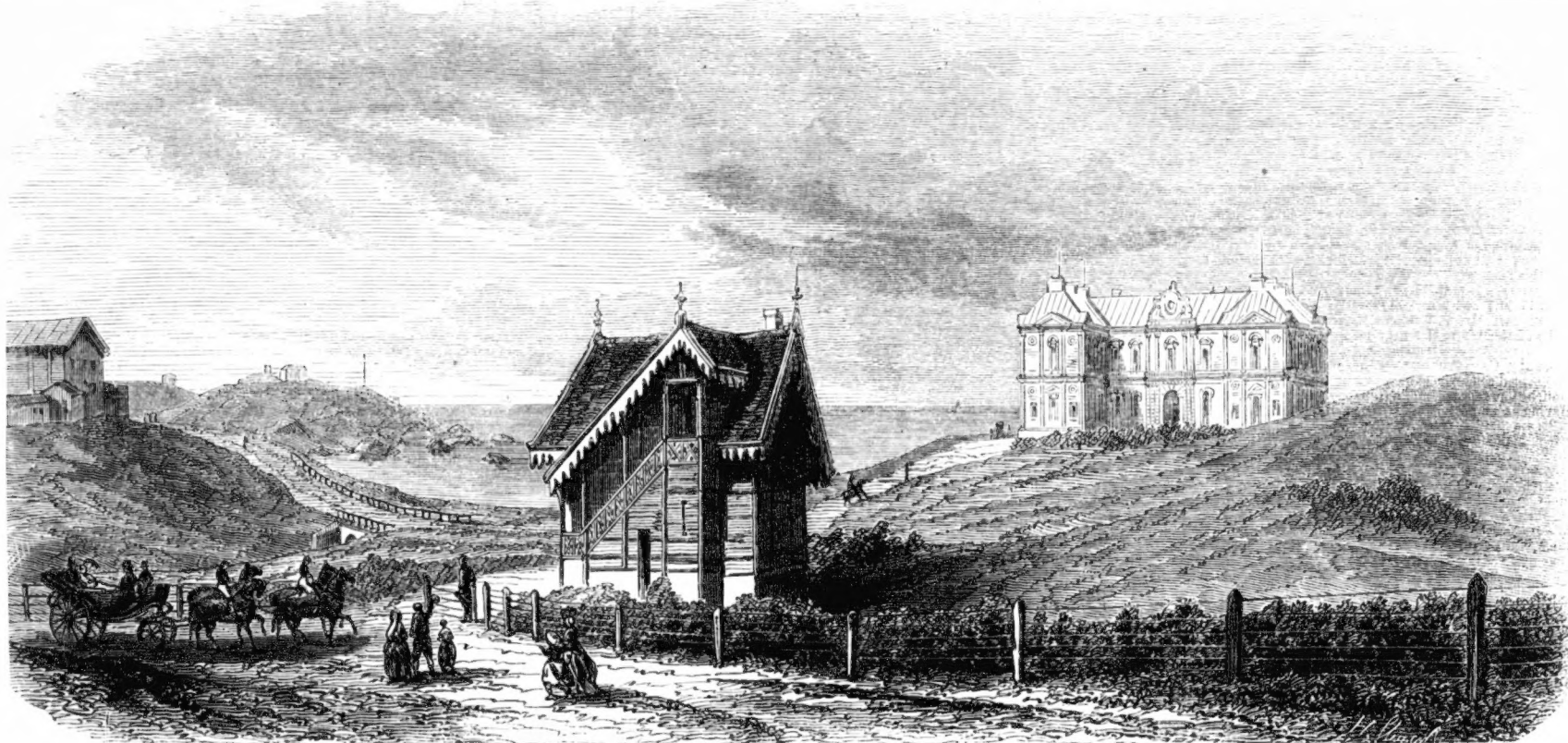
A crowd of *chulos* then began to distract his attention. They roused him to fury by shaking their cloaks in his face, and the *espada* Egana, profiting by the favourable opportunity, for which he had remained quietly on the watch, advanced under his very horns, and executed an admirable *suerte à la Navarre*. Banderillas, or darts, were planted in the animal's

the last few days, was very fine. A change, however, has occurred. High winds, a cloudy sky, and heavy and constant rain, do not allow any place to appear to advantage, and Biarritz is not an exception. Many persons have already left, and others are leaving daily, but their places are more than filled by new comers, the importance of this place has so much increased. The crowd of visitors has increased so much that the local paper has ceased to publish the lists. No previous season has been so successful or so profitable to the town and neighbourhood as the present.

We observe, that the Emperor has availed himself of his residence in that neighbourhood to witness a bull fight at Bayonne. The first bull crept out, as it were, stealthily, and, when least expected made a rush at Aguirre, the *torero* of the blue cloak, who by a slight but skilful movement evaded the dangerous horns, but yet remained still, and allowed the disappointed animal to rush blindly on until he perceived that his enemy had disappeared.



THE NEW CHURCH AT BIARRITZ.

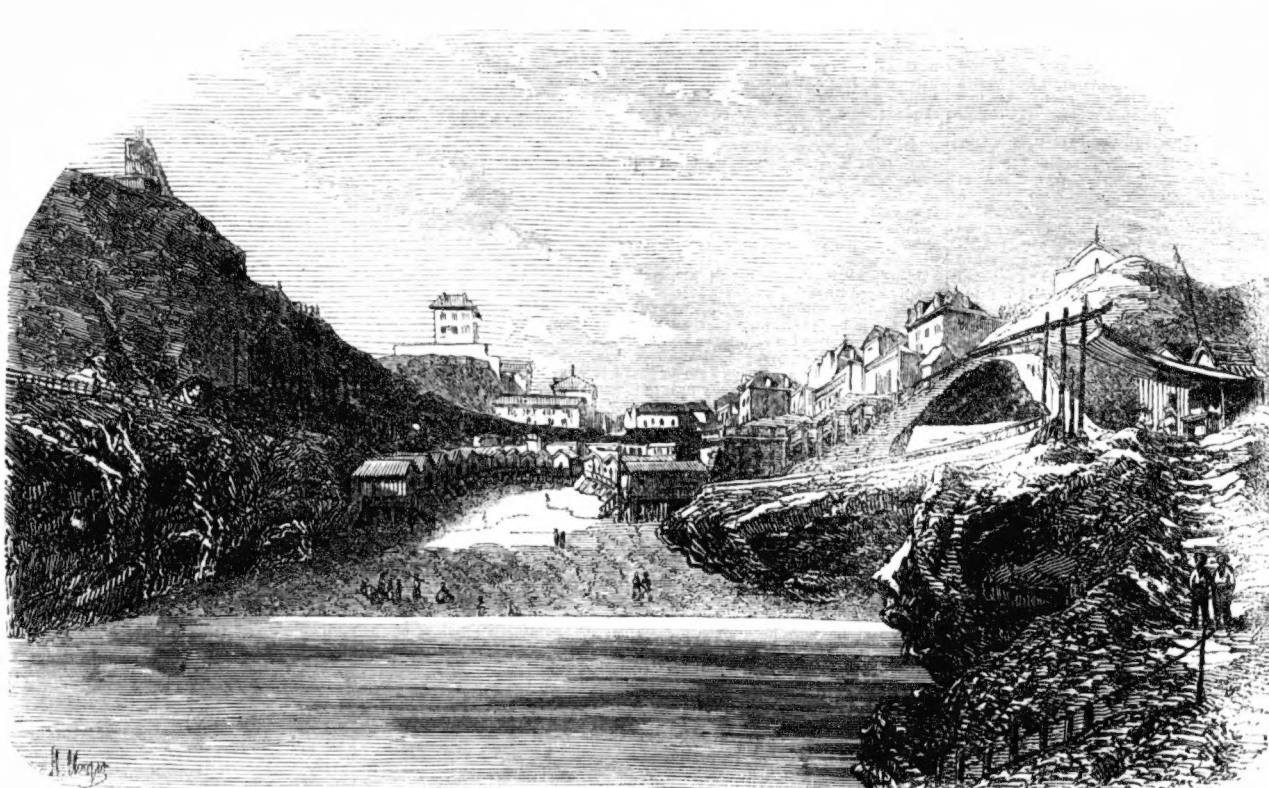


THE VILLA EUGENIE, THE IMPERIAL RESIDENCE AT BIARRITZ.

where I was brought up." "Good gracious!" exclaims another, "we shall never be able to squeeze into these *cabanous*, for they are nothing better." The consternation of the ladies' maids was even more loudly expressed, and amid it all the general belief that the Emperor himself had superintended the design of this wing of the palace has rendered the warfare against this State imprisonment one of the chief diversions of Biarritz. The Duchess de Bassano has increased the merriment of the party by a clever petition, put into rhyme, and placed in the hands of the Imperial Prince, purporting to be written in the name of all the bussels, crinolines, *fourneurs*, and *agacantes*, of Paris, who, cramped and squeezed beyond endurance in the hermit cells of their unfortunate owners, were gradually losing all the elasticity and vigour which rendered them so redoubtable in Paris. The "hermit cells" of Biarritz are scarcely ten feet square, containing a small iron bedstead, a couple of chairs, and a dressing-table!

#### THE OLD HARBOUR.

The neighbourhood of the Old Harbour is little



THE OLD HARBOUR AT BIARRITZ.

neck with much dexterity by Aguirre and Condoya; and in less than half-an-hour Egana killed his beast at one stroke, without causing him to shed one drop of blood. The second bull, on his first rush from the den, went bounding round the ring in great fury and leaped the barriers; but he soon got tired, and showed no great desire to fight. Egana planted in his neck a couple of darts with gunpowder at the points, and the heated weapons soon produced their effect; his apathy disappeared, and he was quickly roused to fury. He pawed the earth, and made desperate but useless efforts to fling off his torturing appendages. In a few minutes two French bull fighters and two Spaniards were sprawling on the ground. A fresh pair of fire *banderillas* were planted by Baquez, and a third by Condoya. When the moment for despatching him came, he was killed by Egana at the second blow; and the public were so pleased that the carcass was given to him as a perquisite. Three more bulls were killed, but Egana was much mauled with the second, and carried out. The Emperor and Empress remained to the last.



# FUNERAL OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AT ST. PETERSBURG.

A FEW days since was witnessed in St. Petersburg the funeral of Mons. Fleury, counsellor of state, and director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at St. Petersburg. The ceremony was a notable one, for not only was it conducted with an unusual degree of pomp, but the pupils had begged to be allowed to carry the corpse of their friend from the asylum to the church in which he was to be interred. As might easily have been anticipated, the procession passed through the streets accompanied by every demonstration of respect, not only for the dead, who could have been loved so well, but for the gratitude and affection of the unfortunates in life conduced to his care. It was most touching to see the relays of pupils waiting to share in the sad honour of bearing the remains of their beloved chief to the grave.

## THE BANQUET TO THE CRIMEAN OFFICERS AT PORTSMOUTH.

AFTER the men, the masters. On Tuesday week, as we recorded in our last number, the rank and file heroes of the Crimea were entertained at dinner by the people of Portsmouth; on Wednesday, the officers were banqueted. On each occasion the honour was shared by both services. And if the first entertainment was successful, the latter was still more so. The guests being of a different order of society, a higher amount of decoration and ornament was attempted (we are not sure, though, that that was in good taste), and the time being evening, artificial light, which is generally the best adapted for bringing out brilliant colours and showing them off with effect, could be introduced. Then, the number of persons invited was far more limited than on Tuesday. Instead of 2,500 being crowded together, between 400 and 500 only had to be provided for. This gave opportunity for a more tasteful arrangement of the tables and the details of the appointments. As on the previous day, the gallery was filled with ladies, but, while on the previous occasion they appeared in ordinary walking dress, they now displayed all the variety and all the gaiety of full evening costume. The guests themselves, too, were all in their full state uniforms, and most of them exhibited on their breasts English, French, and Turkish orders and medals.

Behram Pacha, better known to Englishmen as General Canlon, attracted marked attention. He wore the dress of a Turkish pacha, and from his coat was literally covered with orders and decorations. As on the previous day, the canvas walls of the pavilion, the roof, and the pillars—for it should be stated that the roof was supported by a double row of upright timbers, forming square pilasters, and dividing the apartment into three long aisles, like a church—were ornamented with draperies formed of the flags of the Allied nations; but on this occasion in much greater profusion. The tables were laid out artistically and appropriately. The centre pieces were drums, surrounded with fuchsias, geraniums, and other flowers. Instead of epergnes there were banners and military emblems of various kinds. These, alternated by the dishes bearing luxurious viands, garnished in tempting fashion, and a display of plate one seldom sees ex-

cept at the tables of the richest of the City companies, gave an elegant and almost a gorgeous character to this most essential portion of the arrangements. The lighting of the interior was capitally managed. Gas was the element employed, and it was distributed by chandeliers and stars alternating in the arches formed by the draperies between the pilasters. A device at the principal end of the pavilion, in cut prismatic glass, of the star of the Order of the Garter, the Blue Garter, and the Red Cross of St. George in the centre, being presented in their proper colours by means of transparent coloured glass, and a sort of tableau, also in coloured glass, bearing the inscription of "Honour to the Fallen"—opposite the chief entrance, helped to tone down the glare sufficiently to prevent annoyance from that source without interfering with the brilliant *coup d'œil* which a flood of light cast upon such an assembly and such garniture would give. Immediately in front of the ladies' gallery was a chair of state raised on a dais,

handkerchiefs, which, upon being perceived in the body of the building, caused the cheering to be renewed, and handkerchiefs were waving throughout the hall for several minutes. When the excitement had somewhat moderated, General Moore, R.A., returned thanks for the enthusiastic reception which had been accorded to the army by their countrymen and fair countrywomen.

Commodore the Hon. H. Keppel, C.B., being loudly called for, also returned thanks.

We shall not, however, follow all the toasts, though we must observe that Miss Nightingale was not forgotten, her name being received with the most vociferous cheering. General Sir William Fenwick Williams and the heroes of Kars were of course toasted, and, in the nature of things, Sir William replied. He begged them to accept the expression of his deep gratitude for the manner in which they had drunk his health and those



FUNERAL OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, ST. PETERSBURG.

over which was inscribed the name of Florence Nightingale. It is scarcely necessary to say that Miss Nightingale was not present, nor was expected. The more grace was there, therefore, in the compliment of thus reserving for her a sort of throne, which, like that of her Majesty in the House of Lords, represents her when she is not there, and which it would be almost treason for any other person to occupy.

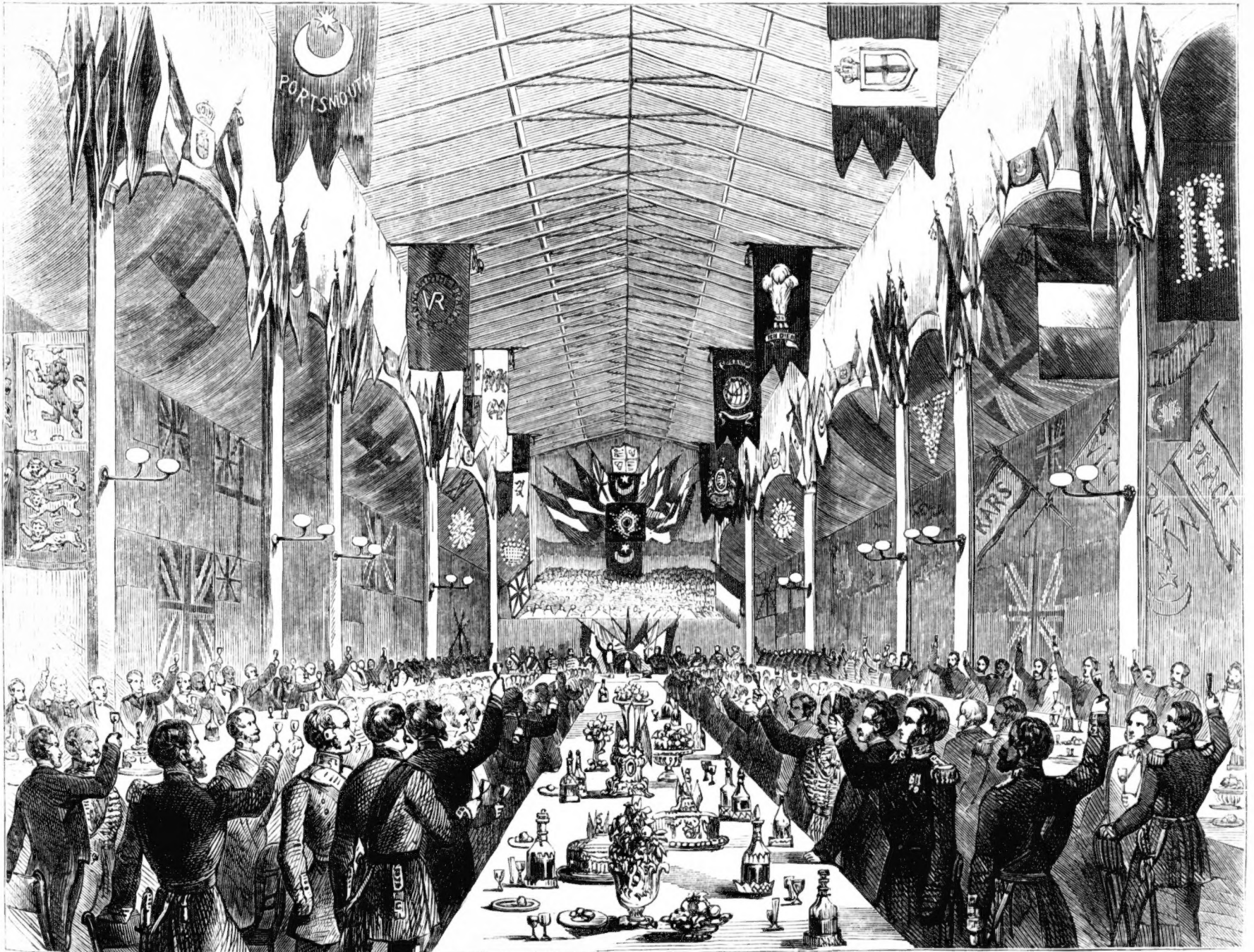
The dinner deserved almost all the praise that dinners ever earned. Though the *salle à manger* was a tent run up in an open green, the repast served up to the guests would have done credit to a palace. To ensure success, a sort of temporary kitchen was fitted up, under canvas, adjoining and communicating with the pavilion, where, during the whole of the morning, a brigade of cooks were busily employed over innumerable cauldrons and stew-pans, which, resting uneasily upon loose bricks, threatened every moment to enrich the grass with their savoury contents.

Military bands made music during dinner, and a military guard was kept up within the tent as well as outside, the sentinels being posted as in a garrison or camp.

Lord G. Lennox presided at the banquet, having on his right hand General Sir Harry Jones, Sir F. Baring (M.P. for the borough), Captain Dacre, Lord W. Russell, General Sir W. F. Williams (Kars), Captain Peel, Colonel Cameron, Captain Giffard, Colonel Holloway, and Colonel Harding; and on his left, Commodore Harry Keppel, Viscount Monck, General Sir R. Dacre, Behram Pacha, Captain Jones, Colonel Teesdale (Kars), Colonel Lake, Captain Erasmus Ommannay, Colonel Boileau, Colonel Kendall, and Colonel Morris.

There were also about 350 other gentlemen present, about one-half of whom were naval and military officers; and, at the request of the Chairman, the company was so arranged, that, as far as possible, each officer should be between two civilians.

Grace having been said by the Rev. J. P. McGhie, the dinner was proceeded with. On the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts. When these were over, and he came to the "Army and Navy," a most extraordinary scene ensued. The civilians stood up, and having given three most hearty cheers, proceeded cordially to shake their naval and military friends by the hand, whilst the ladies in the gallery kept waving their



BANQUET GIVEN TO THE CRIMEAN OFFICERS, NAVAL AND MILITARY, AT PORTSMOUTH, SEPT. 17, 1856.—(FROM A SKETCH BY R. H. C. URSDELL.)



who fought with him at Kars, whom they had been pleased to designate as heroes. He should not say one word more with regard to himself, but he had a most pleasing duty to perform in thanking them on behalf of the British officers and that glorious band of Turkish soldiers with whom he was associated in the East. He saw at Portsmouth on the previous day how 2,500 British soldiers were regaled by their countrymen on returning home from the dangers and hardships of war, and he should remember the scene as long as he lived. But every medal had its reverse, and the occasion brought to his recollection, by contrast, the way in which the glorious little Turks for a length of time drove back one of the finest of the Russian armies from Kars, though they were unpaid, ill-clad, and suffered from the pangs of hunger. But the condition of the Turkish soldiers was a source of the greatest pain to him. They had returned to their country unrequited and unaided; but he looked to the time when they would have their pay given to them, and when the Turkish Government would do them justice. He had a few words to say to the donors of the feast. They had shown how highly they appreciated the services of the army and navy; and he begged of them not to lull themselves into a false security, for the competition of political parties in Europe might call on the army and navy in one, two, or three years to do what they had just done—to bring their country through a difficulty and establish the peace of Europe. Turning to the ladies' gallery, he said he would address a word to his fair countrywomen. He spoke perhaps to those who had lost friends and relatives in the late war; he hoped that war would be sanctified to them, and that they who had still children to give would give them as freely as they had already given others of their own children.

We ought to mention, that in the course of the evening, Sir Harry Jones bore testimony to the great success of the Naval Brigade, and characterised the artillery practice of our batteries generally as unsurpassably excellent. The company did not separate until an advanced hour of the night. The prime originator of the two banquets was Mr. R. H. C. Ussell, the artist from whose sketch our illustration is taken. Mr. Ussell also gave his services to the decoration of the pavilion.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1856.

### BOMBA'S PROSPECTS.

THERE are good reasons for believing that we may expect serious events in the capital of Bomba. His resolution will be finally tried, for the present demands of the French and English Governments must end either in his changing his system or defying their power.

Bomba is a man on whose proceedings it is difficult to calculate. He is a man of "vigour," for in 1848 he was almost the only potentate in Europe who stuck to his post. He loads his cannon, and fires them right into the crowds, after which he lets loose soldiers with bayonets on the private houses. He has the Strada Toledo "covered" whenever events look threatening, and the house of each citizen becomes a pigeon-hole, from which he can only stir to be fired at. These proceedings have justly entitled him to the respect of a class of politicians, who probably think that one virtue is something, and that in these days it is a bit of luck to get a tyrant who is not a coward into the bargain. But the peculiarity makes him an "ugly customer," and we want people to determine how far they are prepared to go if he is once given to desperation.

At present the case amounts to this. Bomba continues to flog political prisoners, and is threatened with the withdrawal of the French and English embassies. The Movement party in his kingdom, and in the rest of Italy, is on the *qui vive*. Take away the embassies, and we give a direct incentive to the revolution to move again. It will move—Bomba, his Swiss, and his lazzaroni, will show fight—men-of-war will appear (to protect French and English interests) in the Bay of Naples. If, in these circumstances, Bomba beats his revolutionists, what will we do? Should that be the case, everything will be worse than ever, unless France and England occupy Naples by force, and declare the throne vacant. That could be done in an afternoon, but it would be a defiance of the order of affairs in Europe, and might lead to a general war; for Bomba is part of the system—of the system of government by absolutism and the Papacy—and it is this which will make him so hard to dislodge. The question would be quite a simple one if it were a question of the individual, the solution to which could be afforded by a shilling's worth of hemp rope. But it is not so. The true question for the English is, whether they are prepared for all the consequences of setting Italy on fire, defying Austria, &c., &c., and whether they are sure of the French alliance for these purposes. If we mean to be practical, we must make up our minds to a decision on this subject. We cannot but think it doubtful that Bomba will be sufficiently awed by mere moral threats to change his whole system of government.

There is a great uncertainty about all these questions in England, and this alone makes the position difficult. Bomba is everywhere hated and despised, but questions of politics are not questions of sentiment. The great middle-class Liberalism, represented by Manchester, is averse from intervention, and wishes to avoid risk; the extreme section of Liberalism has little political weight; and a strict Conservative is apt to overlook the infamous personal character of Bomba in remembering that he represents a dynasty, and a form—though a corrupt one—of order. It is therefore doubtful whether public opinion amongst us is ripe for determining on his abolition; and it becomes politicians to be careful how they commit the country to a kind of action about which it has not yet attained that moral unity of opinion which is necessary to make action effectual.

We shall be glad—always supposing that Bomba retains his present "judicial blindness"—to see the Ambassadors withdrawn. Let us at least refrain from being "act and part" in the doings of such a Government in any way. The withdrawal will bring things both there and here to a crisis—will show us just what native power he really has—and, by forcing the English public to speak decidedly, will gauge the political feeling of the day. If, with the tacit support of the most enlightened nations at their back, the fellow-subjects can manage to shake him off, the course is clear. Let us then bind ourselves by treaty not to allow him to be restored by force of arms—Austria or no Austria. But if he really has genuine strength—if the people of the kingdom of Naples are really without the heart to kick him out—if they are so sunk in one kind of abject superstition or another as not to be fit for anything better—why then we are by no means bound to deliver them from a bondage for which they will have proved themselves the proper slaves. This is the plain moral truth of the matter. Some kind of right to support must be shown by nations as well as by individuals; and a people who will not stand against one tyrant, will only (if he is removed for them) fall under another.

### TRADESMEN AND SWINDLERS.

THE London West End tradesman has generally been assumed to be the quintessence of wide-wakefulness, shrewd common sense, and business-like penetration. Provincial druggists and suburban linendrapers might err, sea-side tailors might be imposed upon by dashing swindlers; but your London tradesman was far too astute a personage to be deceived by the dangerous tribe of *chevaliers d'industrie*. Who so lynx-eyed as the London tradesman in the detection of a bad half-crown? Who so swift and remorseless in the invocation of the police Nemesis, and the consignment of the suspected "smasher"—the more readily if she happened to be a young female of modest demeanour—to the tender mercies of the constable, the inspector, and the female searcher? The half-crown turned out to be a good one sometimes, and the victim a young lady of irreproachable character; but was not the reputation of London tradesmen for perspicacity vindicated? Was it not a triumphant warning to the evilly-disposed, that Mr. Thomas Tagrag, linendraper, kept his eyes continually open to their wiles, and that he was not a man, under any circumstances, to be imposed upon? Who so prompt, again, as Mr. Tagrag, to pounce upon any miserable clerk, or shopman, or warehouseman, in whose accounts there was the deficit of a shilling, or who had been mad enough to embezzle the value of a yard of sarcel? The police station, the assize court, penal servitude, prosecution of the offender to the utmost,—no measures short of these were to be expected from the just severity of the London tradesman. Personal animosity against the offender he had none, of course; but society must be respected, the interests of his fellow-tradesmen protected, wrong-doers punished. Who could blame Mr. Tagrag when he called in A 272? Who delivered, with such Spartan fortitude, the lady shoplifter to the severity of outraged law? Who, finally, with such infinite difficulty, consented to be "spoken to" by the lady shoe-keeper's relatives? and if, indeed, induced to forego prosecution to conviction, only did so through Christian charity, and a desire to save the domestic hearth from exposure and disgrace.

It has often occurred to us, as one of the chief wonders of that World of London which Mr. Henry Mayhew is so admirably portraying, that the London tradesman—so shrewd, so wide-awake, so penetrating, so experienced, so keen of scent and sight, and intuition even, of dishonesty—should become, with such lamentable frequency, the dupe and victim of the shallowest rogues, the flimsiest swindlers, the commonest cheats. There are certain perils and casualties inherent to trade, and which are, we know, well nigh unavoidable. Tills must occasionally be riled, and stray articles of merchandise purloined by treacherous servants and experienced shop-lifters. The subtlest schemes of cheques will not prevent embezzlement, and the most elaborate system of double entry will not guard against an average of bad debts. But it is truly marvellous to see with what facility the tradesman, hardened to the duplicity of the commercial world, familiarised with tricks of trade, falls into the snare, and becomes the prey of a coarse shadow, who in shabby genteel attire, swaggers into a shop, impudently states himself to be Lord This or the Honourable Captain Such-a-One, and rarely contenting himself with procuring the most expensive articles of the stock on credit, ends by obtaining cash for a cheque subscribed with his precious signature, and which ultimately turns out to be of about the same value as an order on Aldgate Pump, or on Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates. Scarcely a day passes but one of these pseudo-aristocrats appears in the felons' dock of a police court to answer the complaint of a hosier, or draper, or jeweller, or hotel-keeper, whom he has defrauded and plundered. The swindler very frequently contrives to slip through the meshes of the legal net, and escape his just punishment; while, on the other hand, the number of the industrials of this species who are never caught, and continue scatheless the exercise of their nefarious ingenuity, must be prodigious. Every fashionable tradesman must have direful reminiscences of such "Phantom Captains" (to use a locution of Mr. Carlyle), Newgate Baronets, and Coldbath Fields Viscounts, who have patronised their shops, ordered the best of everything, and changed cheques as fictitious as their names and addresses and titles. Only last week a vagabond victimised several tradesmen by assuming the name of Major Sibthorp, the Member for Lincoln; and a few days since, a sham gentleman of this description appeared in difficulties at a police court, resulting from his having taken a lesson in riding from Messrs. Major of Brompton, and tendered a cheque for a large amount in payment, receiving of course the difference in cash!

We should visit these occurrences with commiseration rather than reprehension to the sufferer, did not the reports of such cases testify to the almost incredible want of caution and prudence evinced by the great majority of tradesmen so victimised. It seems to be quite sufficient for a scoundrel to enter a shop, and have impudence enough to give himself an aristocratic name, for goods, credit, or cash for any amount to be at his disposal. All the London tradesman's shrewdness, caution—suspicion even—seem to vanish when his customer declares himself the Lord No Zoo. The very name seems to fascinate him, so that he dispenses with the use of the simplest principles of physiognomy. Never mind if the Lord be shabby, have large dirty hands, and clip the Queen's English; we have seen with our own eyes some of these shop swindlers arraigned at Bow Street or Marylebone, who carried their tickets of leave, so to speak, in their hats, and on whose countenance there was the most unmistakable impress of vulgar knavery; and yet the magic of a spurious peerage had enabled them to extract costly jewellery and good round sums in specie from credulous tradesmen. When we read in Mr. Thackeray's "Miscellanies" how dishonest little Bob Stubbs contrived to swindle the German Stiefelkind out of a pair of top boots, on the plea that he was Lord Cornwallis, we are apt to think the incident exaggerated; yet every day we find as transparent rogues imposing on tradesmen gray in years and experience. Even Mr. Stiefelkind felt a moment's hesitation, and said to the sham lord, "You are a very young gentleman to wear top boots!" But our sharp London tradesmen appear to be troubled with no such scruples. They fall into the pit with their eyes open; or rather, they are blinded with that servile and fawning fear of, and admiration for, people "who have handles to their names," which are the shame and ridicule of our free-born English bourgeoisie. We verily believe, that a lord ten times bankrupt would still obtain credit from tradesmen with greater facility than the cashier of the Bank of England, unknown and untitled.

### ALARMING STATE OF THE SUBURBS.

London, or at least the outlying districts of Kensington and Notting Hill, must be in a bad way, according to the valorous yet horrified letters in the "Times" of "Pistol" and "Revolver." Bold burglars are the terror of all the charming villa-residences about Hyde Park; and "jemmies," crowbars, crape masks, centre-bits, and wax tapers haunt the slumbers of peaceable householders. The police, it appears, are inactive, the law defeated; and "Pistol" and "Revolver" are determined to pursue half measures no more, but to defend their lives and household goods and chattels by force of fire-arms.

Without attempting for a moment to smile away the dangerous and unprotected state of part of the suburbs, and the prevalence of nocturnal robberies, we cannot help suggesting that an energetic agitation on the part of the inhabitants of the districts in question for increased police protection, and an equal determination that the police shall do their duty, would be, perhaps, more efficacious generally than the "Bob Acres" blustering about pistols and popguns in the columns of the "Times." Hudibras tells us,

"How many perils do environ  
The man who meddles with cold iron,"

and incautious tampering with powder and ball is equally dangerous. Only consider, oh, rash Kensingtonians! now that the nights are drawing in, how many harmless beings you might destroy in mistake for burglars. The nine o'clock beer; the "harmless, necessary cat," the housemaid's cousin; nay, the door-examining policeman himself, might fall victims to your terrified valour. Believe us, one efficient policeman would be preferable to a dozen revolvers.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A GRAND BANQUET was held on board the Oliver Lang, at Liverpool to commemorate the opening of a direct trade between New Zealand and that port.

THE MAROCHETTI ERECTIONS which have so long obstructed the beautiful perspective of the grand nave of the Crystal Palace, are, we rejoice to hear, to be removed.

ALDERMAN SALOMONS is likely, they say in the City, to be re-appointed Lord Mayor of London, at the election which will take place on Monday.

MR. CHURCHILL, who was secretary and assistant to General Williams at Kars, and throughout the Asiatic campaign, is appointed her Majesty's Consul in Bosnia.

THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT have discontinued charging the passport fee to English emigrants to Brazil.

THE GRAND JURY ignored the bill of indictment against Mr. Snape, the surgeon of the Surrey Asylum, accused of the manslaughter of a patient by a course of shower-bath and emetic.

UPWARDS of 5,000 EXCURSIONISTS have travelled on the South-Western Railway during the last fortnight.

THE COLOSSEUM, in Regent's Park, will shortly be re-opened, under the management of a company formed under the Limited Liability Act, with the title of the Colosseum of Art and Science.

HORACE VERNET embarked on Tuesday week for Algiers. In the same vessel was Houdin, the well-known sleight-of-hand performer, proceeding also to Algiers, at the request of the Governor-General, to give some representations before a number of Arab chiefs, who are shortly to assemble in that city.

THE EASTERN MONARCH, the largest vessel by far of any ever built at Dundee, was launched last week. She can carry 2,600 tons dead weight, or 3,000 tons burden.

THE "PRESS" NEWSPAPER has been formally expelled from the reading-room of the Hull Protestant Operative Conservative Association, in consequence of the support recently given by that journal to the Catholic party on the Maitland question.

PORTSMOUTH WAS THROWN into alarm on Saturday morning by a report that the corvette Highlander was on fire. There was, indeed, some little fire in the engine-room, but it was quickly extinguished.

SOME CURRIED LEATHER from the skin of the white porpoise was exhibited at a recent Industrial Exhibition in London. It is reported to possess the good qualities of toughness and softness to an unusual degree.

A PEDESTRIAN, NAMED NALLY, has just performed the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand half-hours.

MONSIEUR SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS are about to be started at the St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

THE HERLING FISHERY has just terminated at Berwick; the season has been good.

THE INSTITUTION OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS held its annual meeting at Glasgow, last week. The most eminent engineering mechanicians from all parts of the kingdom were present.

AN EXTENSION of the Tilbury and Southend Railway to Colchester is proposed. The people of Heme Bay are also agitating for a railway.

A YOUNG HEIRESS, of sixteen summers, eloped the other day, from Newmarket-Fergus, with a journeyman baker, taking with her £700 to pay the expenses of "the moon trip." She had abstracted the money from one of her father's drawers.

COLEBROOKDALE has resolved to establish a School of Design, and considering how much the district depends on the art culture of its inhabitants (chiefly workers in iron and pottery) the step is highly to be commended.

DR. LIVINGSTON, the celebrated African traveller, has arrived safe at the Mauritius. This gentleman has completed in his last tour a journey through southern tropical Africa from Loando to Quillemain in the east.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR is causing the whole of the pensioners residing in the United Kingdom to be examined by competent military officers, for the purpose of proving their identity with the individuals originally admitted on the pension lists.

A TRANSLATION of Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" is now in course of publication in the "Monitor." Mr. Thackeray is expected to lecture in Edinburgh in November, under the auspices of the Philosophical Institution.

THE EMIGRATION COMMISSIONERS have advertised for vessels to carry emigrants to Portland Bay, Moreton Bay, and Sydney, to be ready for passengers between the 27th of October and the 3rd of November.

A MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOW is to be erected at the east end of South Church, the parish in which the Bishop of Durham resides, to mark the sense of the inhabitants of the diocese of the way in which they appreciate the manner in which he has discharged the duties of his episcopate.

A GOVERNMENT NOTICE has appeared in the "Gazette" at Cape Town, announcing that every resident magistrate will hold his court on Monday and Thursday in every week, "unless these days, or either of them, shall happen to be New Year's day, the Queen's birthday, or Good Friday."

THE UNSUCCESSFUL STRIKE of SHIPWRIGHTS against the new regulations of the hours of labour promulgated by Messrs. Young, Son, and Magnay, of London, has cost the Shipwrights' Union not less than £4,000.

THE MEMORY OF JUDGE JEFFRIES is not held in respect in Devonshire. He is supposed to haunt the place near Dartmouth, in the shape of a black pig!

THE LONDON AND PARIS JOINT-STOCK BANK has been formally dissolved.

TRUMPETER GLEASON, of the 17th Lancers, wears the Cross of the French Legion of Honour given to him by the Emperor Napoleon for his gallant conduct in the Balaklava charge, in which, with his own sword, he slew no fewer than seven Russians.

MR. GEORGE SCHARF, Jun., has been appointed Art-Secretary to the Committee of the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures.

ONE MAN WAS KILLED, and two were severely injured, at Leeds, last week, by the snapping of a crane at the railway foundry.

MR. ALFRED LATHAM has been elected to fill the vacancy in the direction of the Bank of England, occasioned by the death of Mr. J. H. Prescott.

SIR WILLIAM HARPER'S CHARITY, at Bedford, is freed at length from legal quarrels, and the princely income, £13,000 a year, is to be appropriated according to a new scheme settled by the Court of Chancery.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL is undergoing repair. Her Majesty has sent a donation of £100 towards the restoration of the Chapter House.

THE DUCHESS-DOWAGER OF ARGYLL has embraced Roman Catholicism.

AT CONSTANTINOPLE every exertion is made to complete the organisation of a body of gendarmes throughout the empire.

DANIEL FORRESTER, the Mansion House officer, has arrested one of the persons implicated in the late extensive robbery of shares belonging to the directors of the Northern Railway of France, and preceded with him direct to Paris.

A BURIAL-PLACE of the ancient Scythian Kings has been discovered at Alexandropol, province of Ekaterinoslav, in Russia, and objects in gold, silver, bronze, and pottery have been found in the tombs.

MR. H. BERKELEY, M.P. for Bristol, has been presented with "the beer bill testimonial," in that town. The testimonial consists of a massive silver salver and a casket of sovereigns, amounting to about £1,000.

M. THIERS AND M. DE MONTALEMBERT, it is said, are about to visit England together.

THREE FRENCHMEN have been sent to prison at C. blentz, for non-payment of a heavy fine, for using unstamped cards whilst playing on one of the Rhine steamers. All travellers on the Rhine, who play at cards, must take care to provide themselves with packs bearing the stamps of each of the ten or twelve German States by which the Rhine flows.

THE POLICE IN THE TOWN OF BRESLAU, in Silesia, have been instructed to see to the tuning of the hand organs which are allowed to be played in the streets and to take care that they do not offend ears polite and sensitive by unpleasant discords.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF LIVERPOOL has given a prize to Mr. Madox Browne for the pictures he has sent to the society.

A CONCERT in aid of the sufferers by the fire at Braidwood's, will be held at the Music Hall, Store Street, on Thursday evening.

CAPTAIN MOURRAY, one of the captains of Greenwich Hospital, expired at his apartments on Saturday morning, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the National Sunday League was held on Monday evening, in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, to receive the financial and general reports, for the election of officers, and on other business.

MIDLE. RACHEL'S HEALTH will oblige her to pass the winter in Egypt. She will reside in Cairo during the bad season.

A SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE has been laid down between Orfordness and the Holland coast.

THE BELGIAN FREE TRADE CONGRESS was favourably inaugurated on Monday. Its object is to remove all impediments to international commerce. Deputations from several English mercantile chambers, manufacturing towns, &c., attended.



# THE CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE PROCESSION FROM THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.  
It is to be taken, we suppose, as a sign that the Emperor was after the coronation more than ever elect and set apart, that whereas but one procession entered the Cathedral, two departed from it. The ceremony being over, and the Emperor anointed with the holy chrism, the Empress, Mother and her suite, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Dukes and Princesses of the Imperial family, and their suites and attendants, assemble about, and issue from the south gate of the cathedral, greeted by deafening cheers and cries. Meantime, another splendid procession is setting out of the north door of the cathedral: this is the Emperor's cortege, and presently forth stalks the anointed himself. Now he wears an Imperial robe, and on his head there is a crown of dazzling splendour. The sun's rays seem to seek congenial light in those flashing diamonds. The eye cannot bear the brilliancy, and the monk and the prostrate Russian may well be pardoned if, with his imagination heated by all that he has seen and heard—the chanting of the choir, the corollons of bells, the strains of music, and the clamour of voices, he thinks he sees a halo of heavenly glory around the Imperial head. Such homage to a man can only be pardoned on the ground that he is the elect and anointed of the Lord, and, indeed, had one come from the skies, with all the power and glory of a celestial messenger, he could scarce have excited more fervour of admiration than did the Czar, as, with his figure drawn up to the highest, his eye flashing, and his cheek flushed, but his tread as firm as a lion's, he came forth from the church, and stood, with globe and sceptre in his hands, in the blaze of the sun before his people. In how many wild tongues, with what frantic gesticulations, did they call on Heaven to bless him! Many a tear rolled down the rugged cheeks of the rude Cossacks, and in many a strange dialect did the descendants of distinct races implore their common Father to pour down every blessing on him who represented their forgotten conquest, bondage, and thralldom, and the influence of whose name alone bound them up with the Russian people.

As the brilliant procession passes out of the church the Russians, with eager eyes, seek out and distinguish their illustrious fellow-countrymen. There in the rear of the Emperor walks the man now famous throughout Europe, the young and gallant soldier, the defender of Sebastopol, the intrepid Tottleben. His carriage is noble and full of herolic decision, but his step falters and he limps on with the aid of a cane, which tells how sorely he still suffers from a wound received in the trenches before the town which his genius so long defended. His countenance is full of intelligence, yet mild and modest; his chin, the most remarkable feature in his face, is finely developed, and bespeaks the iron will which belongs to the great soldier. All eyes are upon him. There too walks the friend of the Emperor Nicholas, the guardian of his son, the negotiator of the Treaty of Paris, the upright and gallant Orloff; and there also is discerned the world-famous Menschikoff, who was selected for that disastrous mission to Constantinople, out of which grew the war—the "Menschikoff an galeto!" as some foreigners irreverently whisper. But the foreigner, too, is engaged in looking among foreigners for distinguished individuals and distinguished things, among which latter must not be omitted the famous pearl-embroidered coat of the Hungarian Noble Prince Esterhazy, the Ambassador of Austria; there too stands the Ambassador of France, and beside him that of England wearing the distinction (as Prince Mettrich called it) of a diplomatic coat unadorned with a single star or order.

Meanwhile, the flourishing of trumpets, the crash of bands, the noble swell of the national anthem, "God preserve the Czar," which nearly equals our own, the roll and tuck of drums, the bells, the voices of the people—all these formed a strange *melange* of sound, and stunned the ear; but when the Czar, passing out by the archway, made his appearance to the larger crowd, there was a noise like a roar of thunder or the waves of the sea, which swallowed up all else. The people on the terraces below, on the banks of the river, and in the streets outside the Kremlin, took up the cry and shouted like the rest, and some went on their knees in the dust and prayed for the Czar. In a few minutes the procession began to wind through an archway, and to pass before the Cathedral of Michael. The priests, in golden stole and surplice, are waiting at the gates, and as the Emperor and the Empress (whom we have quite forgotten in all this wild triumph of adulation and Czar-worship) come up, sprinkle them with holy water, and give them the cross to kiss. On entering, the Czar and Czarina kiss the holy relics, and kneel down to pray before the tombs of their ancestors, after which the "Domine, saluum fac" is chanted, and the Emperor and Empress continue their short march for a few yards to the Church of the Annunciation, where the same ritual is observed.

Presently the doors of the palace are reached, and anon they swallow up the Imperial glory which had feasted the eyes of the loyal people. So far as the vast proportion of spectators was concerned, the ceremonial was now over, but still thousands lingered all day about the Kremlin, and seemed content to know by the sound of the cannon that the Emperor and his nobles were feasting inside.

## STATE VISIT TO THE GRAND OPERA—"THE SPECTACLE GALA."

The Emperor went in state to the Opera on the night of the 10th inst., and all the Foreign Ambassadors Extraordinary, the Ministers, and strangers of distinction, the officers of the empire, the members of the court, the generals and admirals, were invited to attend on the occasion. It was called the "Spectacle Gala." The house (which is decorated in the richest manner in white and gold) contains six rows of boxes, or, more properly speaking, there are six tiers of galleries, open at the front, and without any barriers to the line of seats, but at the back of each gallery there is an inner row of boxes, into which the occupants of the seats in front can retire if they wish. A gorgeous and magnificent crowd filled the theatre, but the arrangements were so good that there was neither hustling, confusion, nor noise. There were no ladies in the pit, so that the effect of the many splendid uniforms was homogeneous, but the front rows of the first tier of boxes were occupied by the mistresses of creation in full dress. Such diamonds! in coronets, circlets, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, brooches—in all the forms that millinery and jewellery could combine those precious stones they were present—filling the house with an atmosphere of flashes and sparks in the rays of the wax-lights. There were not half-a-dozen black coats in this assemblage of distinguished people; all the rest were in full uniform. Lord Granville was already in his box in the grand row on the left-hand side of the Emperor's state box. M. de Morny and the French Embassy were placed in the box on the right of the Czar's. The other Ministers and Ambassadors were provided with places in the same row, and the *attachés* who had no room above were accommodated with seats in the pit.

It was past eight o'clock when the Emperor appeared, and the instant he was seen the whole of the house rose and cheered most vehemently again and again. The Czar and Czarina bowed, and every salutation was the signal for a repetition of the enthusiastic uproar, through which at last the strains of "God preserve the Czar" forced their way, and the audience resumed their places. On the left of the Czar was the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar; on the right the Empress, and next to her the Grand Duchess Constantine and Princess of Leuchtenberg. The Grand Duke Constantine sat in a demi-box on the left of the Emperor. As soon as the greeting and the National Anthem ceased, the orchestra commenced the overture to "L'Elisir d'Amore," and the opera, which was admirably sung by Bosto, Lablache, and Cazzolari, was performed amid a dead silence. It was followed by the ballet of "La Vivandière," in which Cerito made her appearance.

## THE ILLUMINATIONS.—THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL.

Moscow, with its countless spires, and domes, and minarets—fringed, gilded, painted—is at all times one of the most picturesque of cities. Every house, indeed, pretends to the picturesque; for they are covered with stucco, which is painted buff, white, lemon, or rose colour, and this gives to the city a clean bright appearance, only marred by the dirty state of the streets after rain. At a distance, the view is enchanting by day; by night, such as it was during the illuminations, the aspect of the city was most strange and beautiful.

The illuminations are beginning; look out, you will see high in air a cluster of stars—a faint nebula of light, which, as you look, seems to expand downwards—to brighten, to flash, to creep down as it were, widening and spreading as it creeps. Look again—hundreds of such con-

stellations break forth on the black mantle of the night. Rows of fires in regular form and figure rise up as it were to meet their kindred lights. By rapid degrees these forms become defined—they grow into fountains of fire—into cupolas, domes, spires, and pinnacles of flame. Moscow warms, reddens—bursts into fire, and once more it is incandescent in this lava of rejoicing. As the wind sweeps over these lofty pyramids and spheres of light, it fans them into fiercer action or checks their steady glare. The lamps flicker, almost go out, break forth again, and as it were throb with arteries of flame; so that the various edifices, covered with innumerable surging points, look like fountains which splash forth illuminated waters. Anon they are volcanoes, and shoot forth pyramids of fire. As we gaze from the window the course of every street is defined by the glare from below, which looks like a chink in the crust of a crater. There is a blaze and network of myriads and myriads of star-like points, which perplex the senses; and the roar of the multitude in the city, the tramp of many feet, the roll of carriages, indicate the excitement of the people. The spires and domes seem molten in the glow; and very little is wanting in the imagination to realize the sea of fire, the wild riot of the flames in those *dies ire* which heralded the destruction of the greatest army Russia ever saw.

The great public edifices are alive with little jets of flame, which, as they tremble and waver, give to the solid stone and durable brick the instability of a dream. Among the countless spires and mosques that thus fantastically glow and fade, the Cathedral of St. Basil presents perhaps the most picturesque appearance. It is dotted all over with points of light, in which the innumerable and varied lines of the edifice are strongly defined. But the Cathedral of St. Basil deserved some distinction, for it is one of the most celebrated in Moscow—"City of Churches," as it has been called. It marks an epoch in the history of Russian progress, having been erected by order of Ivan Vassilievitch, in commemoration of the capture of Kasan, and is remarkable, even among the churches of Moscow, for the style of its architecture. Of sixteen cupolas, large and small, by which it is surmounted, there are not two resembling each other in form or ornament, and the diversity of colour rather adds, than otherwise, to the effect produced by this peculiarity. From the centre of the building rises a tall steeple, terminating in a cross; and beneath this cross is placed a crescent to indicate the triumph of Christianity over the religion of Mahomet.

The interior of St. Basil is scarcely less singular. It consists of a number of separate chapels—altogether twenty, it is stated—grouped together, but having no communication with each other.

Connected with the history of the Church of St. Basil, there is an anecdote, which gives us an idea of the savage heart and unscrupulous character of its founder. Ivan, it appears, was apprehensive that the architect might erect elsewhere a rival edifice; and in order to prevent anything of the kind being done, the Czar, in the exercise of his despotic power, caused the architect's eyes to be put out. The wish of the Czar has been granted, and the Church of St. Basil is to this day without a parallel.

## THE GRAND REVIEW ON THE 14TH.

It is once in an Englishman's life (says the "Times" correspondent), that he can see such a field-day as that we have just witnessed. A grand plan of attack upon Moscow, and of a defence and retreat, was executed by three *corps d'armée*, consisting of the Guard corps and Grenadier corps, with their cavalry and artillery, numbering not less than 100,000 men. One corps, about 40,000 strong, represented the army defending the city. The two others were the active army of operations of the assailants, and the most experienced generals directed the movements of the troops, in which military critics took a lively interest. As the distance of the ground on which the offensive force was to act was very considerable—possibly six miles from the camp—they had to march at seven o'clock in the morning, and the cavalry were mounted at five. The rain fell in torrents, and never ceased till near midday, when there were a few lucid intervals, but it was not till two, just one hour ere the review was over, that the waterproof could be dispensed with for five minutes at a time.

The Emperor and the Grand Dukes, followed by a numerous suite, were on the ground on horseback soon after nine o'clock, and the action became general immediately after their appearance. The Prince of the Netherlands, the Prince of Prussia, the Ministers and Envoys, and the members of their suites who were invited to attend, followed in full uniform. Some of the English Embassy appeared in round hats and frock coats, which certainly were better adapted to the weather than shakoes or cocked hats and laced tunics. The French, who in all things have a wise eye to effect, have sent a military commission along with and attached to their embassy, consisting of Crinan officers of great reputation, such as General Lebeuf, who commanded part of the siege artillery; General Frossard, of the Engineers; General Dumon; Colonel Rulle, Etat Major, &c. If we could not have done the same, we might at all events have sent one or two naval officers, but I believe Admiral Berkeley opposed the idea, and it was an *affaire fini* of course. It is true that Lieutenant-Colonel Maude and Lieutenant-Colonel H. d'Orange are attached to the embassy, but they, gallant officers as they are, occupy no special military position here, and hold an inferior rank to the officers representing the French army. I remark this merely because it has been remarked. The plain on which the manoeuvres take place is a steppe, sandy, covered with short grass, intersected by watercourses, and undulating with patches of natural forest scattered here and there. It is particularly well adapted for manoeuvres, for it offers admirable positions for attack and defence; it affords admirable *coups d'œil*; it is of interminable extent; and the ground is firm without being hard, and is well suited to the march of troops and the passage of artillery.

It has been found by experience that any attempt to describe a field day in a popular manner must be an abject failure. It is enough to say that the enemy—for we, being inhabitants of Moscow *pro tem.*, of course took part with the defenders of our city—pushing forward an immense body of skirmishers on two fronts, menaced at the same time the right and left wings of the covering army, and advanced briskly under a heavy cannonade from eighty pieces of artillery. The front of attack extended about four miles, and the smoke of this fierce cannonade, rising in spirals through the thick dull air, and hanging in fat wreaths over the field, had a very peculiar and *effrayant* effect. But the left wing of our army, concentrating its columns on a strong position, threatens the enemy's right with a numerous cavalry, and engages its artillery with a fire almost as heavy, so as to withdraw its attention from the enemy's columns, and oblige it to reply to our guns. Some brilliant manoeuvres are executed by the artillery and cavalry on both sides, but the latter do not make any decisive charge throughout the day.

The enemy, finding that our left is very strong, change their attack on that side into a feint, and suddenly make a determined attempt to turn our right, which rests on a wood, by sending a mass of skirmishers supported by dense columns of infantry and artillery to seize upon it. The wood is hotly contested—every tree shelters a man, and the fire of musketry and waste of powder is very heavy: the enemy, meantime, press on us on the left and centre, ready at any point to change their feint into a real attack, and their artillery keeps up a continuous fire on the cavalry and infantry. The enemy's columns, protected by this fire, advance slowly on their right, halting now and then to form square when threatened by cavalry, and we fall slowly back on our left upon Moscow, still keeping possession of the wood on our right.

The Emperor and his staff make their appearance on our part of the field about two o'clock, having been busy in some other part of the action hitherto, and take up their position on a high ground, while a strong demonstration of our cavalry is made against the enemy's right wing and centre. The infantry form square, and the artillery open a tremendous fire against them and check their advance, and they slowly fall back with the advanced battalions of infantry towards their reserves, which are now strongly posted close to the infantry camp. All this time the action is raging on the right. The sun has broken out of his bondage of clouds, and is looking down on the plain, which glistens with arms as far as the eye can see; the rays are reflected innumably by cuirass, polished helm, bayonet, and sword blade, all in motion—the ground seems quivering with life. The white plumes of horsehair worn by the Guard in their helmets give their masses a most imposing effect, and at a distance they look almost as high as cavalry.

With our left still hotly engaged in the wood, we occupy a tolerably fair line of defence with the camp in our rear, and the enemy advances slowly as if unwilling to attack in front. But friend and foe are brought to a sudden truce—the Czar is going home. It is three o'clock, he sends an aide-de-camp general to each commander, to say that he is highly satisfied with the troops and thanks them all. All the battalions halt, and while the commanding officers ride along and communicate the Czar's message, the plain rings with the cries of "Long life to the Emperor," and then the march commenced to the camp and bivouac.

The rain again began to fall; but, as the spirits of the soldiers began to express their satisfaction in their own way. The message of the Emperor meant that each of them would receive a silver rouble, or, at all events, half a silver rouble, this evening, and so the word was, "singers to the front," and from each battalion a knot of men came out to the head of the column, and in excellent time began to sing a wild and spirited march. As all the battalions did the same, the effect of these voices, far and near, was very singular and very fine; then the bands relieved them as they got tired, and the firing from the wood, where they had not yet heard of the truce, mingled its report with the chaos of voices and wind instruments, and rendered it the strangest and most exciting music ever heard. I particularly noticed how fresh and well the men looked after this fatiguing day's work. They were in heavy marching order—knapsack, canteen, fifty rounds of cartridge, and greatcoat, in waterproof cover, but not one of them looked "done up." It is true their covered ambulances were on the field, and followed in the rear of each regiment, so that there might have been ten to each battalion out of the ranks, but there were certainly no stragglers, and the ambulances seemed light. The cook-house chimneys were smoking manfully, giving promise of good soup, as the men marched in, much gratified at the prospect of dinner and the Czar's benevolence.

In the evening there was a ball, very brilliant and well attended. Lord and Lady Granville, and the other members of the English embassy, were present, with the exception of the Marquis of Stafford and Sir R. Peel. In addition to the dancing, there was whist-playing, *croquet*, and a *concert* for those who liked it. The Emperor was unusually affable and unreserved, and spoke to most of the Ministers, particularly M. de Morny, at some length. The Turkish Ambassador, who had dined at Lord Granville's, came to the ball, and there was scarcely a person of celebrity in Moscow who was not present. Supper was served at twelve o'clock. French cooking and French bill of fare, and the wonderful treasures of plate of the Imperial Family, were lavishly displayed: these have just received a grand addition. The deputations from the various Governments, in presenting bread and salt to the Emperor on his coronation, offered them on gold salvers and dishes. About 400 of these were laid before his Majesty on the day of the coronation; and it is estimated that the total value of the gold and silver is not less than 5,000,000 silver roubles. Many of them, of exquisite workmanship, were manufactured in England and France.

## THE ASIATICS AT THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Among those personages who took part in that grand ceremonial, which has recently rendered Moscow, for the time being, the most interesting of European cities, not the least conspicuous were the representatives of the Asiatic tribes.

Our engraving on another page represents the chiefs of the Asiatic tribes as they appeared on the occasion of the Czar's entry into the ancient city of his dominions. First came the Lesghi of the Caucasus, covered from head to foot with bright chain armour, mounted on prancing Georgian horses, and looking, as they rode past, lance in rest and battle-axe in hand, like venerable knights of the Crusades. Close behind followed the pale, slim, Circassians, in their white caftans and splendid turbans, and mounted on black horses as slim and graceful as themselves. Then there were Persians of the district of Erivan, in conical black caps, their little graceful figures glittering in the gold brocades of Shiraz and Teheran. These were the dandies, the veritable "swells" of the procession, and they seemed to have a sufficient consciousness of that interesting fact. There were also groups of Tartars, in flowing robes of green velvet, embroidered in gold, and managing their mettlesome steers as Tartars only can manage them. Last of all came the Mingrelians, in red caftans and strange little caps, compared to which a blue-coat boy's would be a sombrero; and the *avout garde* closed with strong squadrons of Cossacks of the line and of the Ukraine.

An anecdote respecting the Princess of Mingrelia is worthy of notice. Her Highness, who, it appears, is a remarkably fine woman, of about thirty years of age, was at the Coronation, gorgeously dressed in gold brocade, with a broad blue sash, on the shoulder-knot of which she wore the Order of St. Catherine in diamonds, conferred on her for her distinguished feats of arms when Omar Pacha ravaged her mountain kingdom, and on her head a splendid coronet of emeralds and rubies. She was accompanied by her son, the reigning prince, a fine little boy eight years old, dressed as an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, an honour which had been conferred on his little Highness only the previous day. Hearing that some "special correspondent" had ventured within the sacred precincts, she sent her interpreter to the representative of a well-known continental journal, requesting a few minutes' conversation. The gentleman in question was only too ready to obey the summons, and was excessively surprised to find that the Princess was fully acquainted with, and duly appreciated the value of, the Fourth Estate. She told him, in excellent French, that she hoped herself and her dress would be noticed in the journal he represented, and detailed her heroic struggles against Omar Pacha, who, she said, had plundered and ravaged her little kingdom. The Princess then, returning to the great question for which the newspaper plenipotentiary had been summoned to an audience, said, with much naïveté, "Comment me trouvez vous?" The gentleman was of course *ebouli*, and the interview terminated with a pressing invitation for self and friends to the chateau in the Caucasus, if they ever should happen to pass in that direction.

## THE ALLIES AT MOSCOW.

If M. de Morny was able, by judicious arrangement and early preparation, to eclipse Lord Granville at St. Petersburg, one may say without being quite odious, that the English Ambassador on the more appropriate *champ de bataille* of Moscow has achieved a victory over the Ambassador of France. The English dinners have been admirable, the hospitality large; and if those who could not get invitations are not satisfied, assuredly those who did have been abundantly pleased. The bearers of half the historical names in Europe assembled at our Ambassador's in happy reunion, and old antagonists in the court and in the camp, in war or in diplomacy, here fight their battles over again in quiet corners, or in the eddies of the ball-rooms, or take measure of each other for fresh encounters. It has been observed, that as yet Englishmen have received but little of that large hospitality for which the Russians have been so famous, and that those invitations to the chase, to dinners, and to balls, of which so much was heard, have not yet been forthcoming. All this is alleged to spring out of the Isle of Serpents and the Bay of Naples. In the meantime, however, the relations of the gentlemen and ladies of both countries are marked by the most exquisite politeness, and the Russian nobility are on excellent terms with our representatives. What seems to occasion the most uneasiness here is the apprehension that England intends to act without the concurrence of France in matters in which she is not strictly bound—as by the last treaty of Paris—to operate in concert with that Power. The appearance of independent action is most unwelcome to many continental politicians. It is very amusing to see M. de Morny, with his usual bland, calm, and gentle manners, chatting in the most *insouciant* way with Lord Granville, who is to the full as *douce et amiable* as his brother diplomatist, in the midst of a society where many of the guests would have liked to see a *combat à l'outrance* between the representatives of France and England, and to hear the gossip, which insists that, under all this polished exterior, there is a chaos of boiling passions, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, "the study of revenge, immortal hate!"

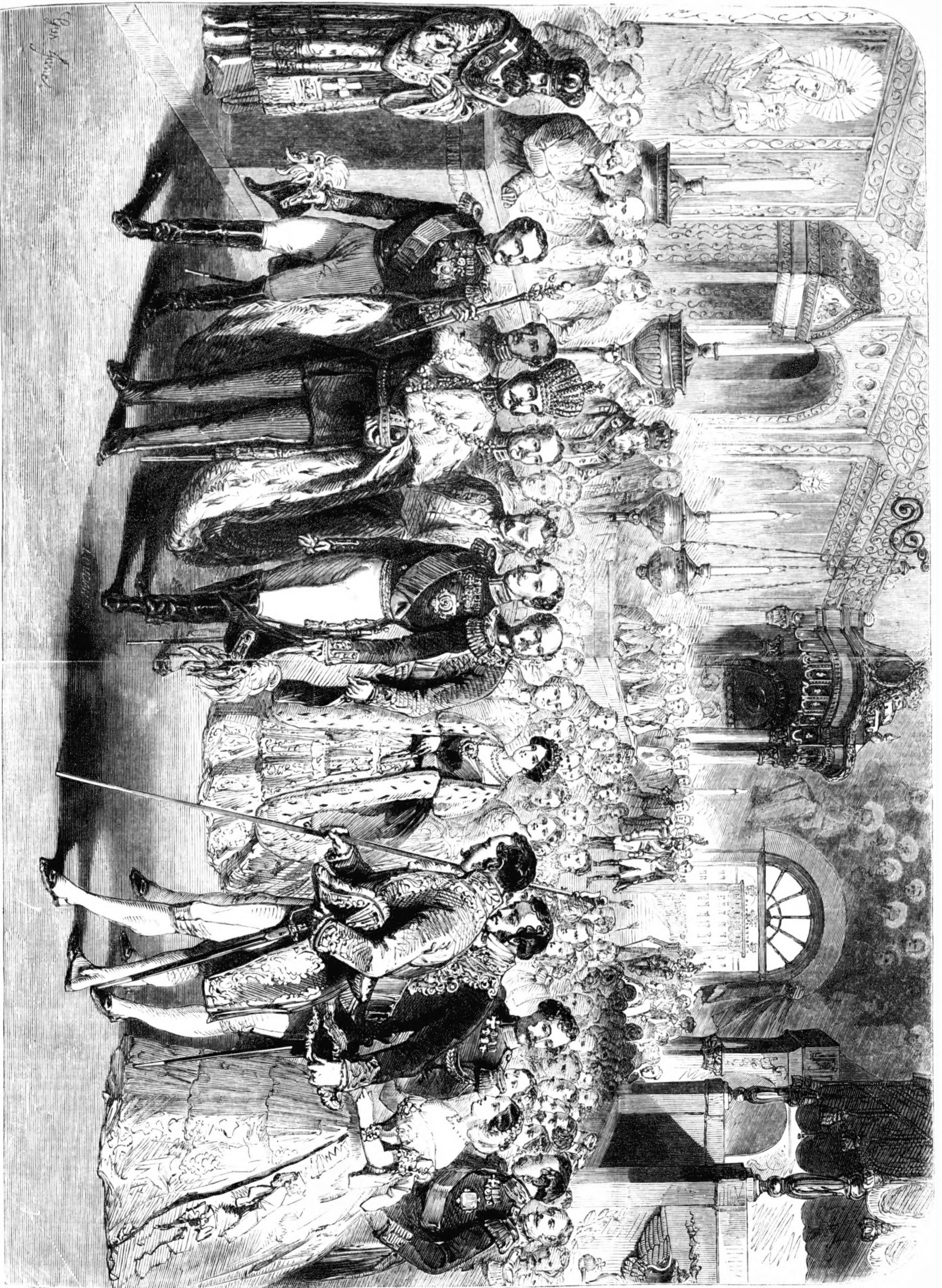
RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN BULGARIA.—A letter from Widdin, of the 27th ult. says:—"We have this morning heard a sound which the people of Bulgaria have not heard for ages—the sound of a bell calling the Christians to church in order to thank God that the Sultan has been pleased to restore to us our liberty of worship. Widdin is the first Bulgarian town that has received a bell. The Turks have complained to the Pacha about it, but he has referred them to the Sultan."





THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR—THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ASIATIC TRIBES ON THE OCCASION OF THE EMPEROR'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.—(DRAWN BY GUSTAVE JANET.)





THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN—THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.—(LAWSON'S DRAWING.)



## Literature.

*Bothwell.* A Poem, in Six Parts. By W. EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN D.C.L., Author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c. Blackwood and Sons.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN is a literary gentleman gifted with remarkable powers of mimicry. He is already well known—at least it is not the fault of "Blackwood's Magazine" if he be not—as the author of a volume of very clever copies of Mr. Macaulay's imitations. He has also had a share in writing the "Book of Ballads," by Bon Gaultier, in which work there is certainly a vein of originality, as displayed in the novel discovery that there are only two subjects on which modern English poets can write—namely, going to Astley's and getting drunk. We are, moreover, indebted to the Professor's taste and genius for the spasmodic tragedy of "Firmilian, or the Student of Badajoz," intended as a satire (by close parody) on vulgar and ridiculous poetry, of which, it must be admitted, the production gives us a most vivid idea.

Encouraged by his past successes, and also, it would seem, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (who certainly ought to be an authority on all subjects connected with the imitation of other writers), the Professor has resolved on giving his talents a wider range in their favourite field. He has written "Bothwell," which he facetiously styles a "Poem," of course in the same spirit which induced him to call "Firmilian" a Tragedy. "Bothwell" is longer than "Firmilian," and much more pretentious; but we fear it is not likely to become so popular. The Professor has not been happy this time in the choice either of his hero or of subjects for imitation. Bothwell is quite as great a scoundrel as Firmilian, but a much more common-place one, adding to his numerous offences the unpardonable sin of dreariness. The plan of "Firmilian" enabled the writer to enrich his style by selection from all the poets, in his estimation, ridiculous (a class which, luckily for the subject, comprised some of the ablest writers of this generation). In the present instance he has restricted himself to imitating Sir Walter Scott and what has not been derived from him has been suggested by three other rather thankless models. These latter are,—Mr. Fitzball, Mr. Jenkins, of the "Morning Post," and the scarcely popular firm of Sternhold and Hopkins. It is a pity that Sir Edward Lytton should not have advised his friend better!

To speak seriously of the volume before us (one of the handsomest, materially speaking, we have ever seen for a long time.) "Bothwell" is the versified autobiography of the last and most remarkable of Mary Stuart's three husbands: the most remarkable, we mean, as regards character, for the two others had no decided claims to individual distinction—the first being a peevish little boy, and the second a shambling giant. The third venture was unquestionably stronger in knees and in intellect than either of his predecessors. Him, Professor Aytoun has chosen for the hero of his new poem, informing us (*vide Preface*)—

"I have endeavoured to make available for poetical composition, the most striking events in the history of Mary Queen of Scots, down to the period when she parted from Bothwell at Carberry Hill."

All very well so far. It is not, in our opinion, a very nice subject. Accepting the at any rate charitable theory, that poor Mary of Scotland was a woman of good and beautiful nature, the victim of circumstances rarely surpassed in the annals of atrocity, we consider her sufferings, pursued to historic detail, infinitely too painful for the purposes of poetry. It would be as unjustifiable—as we conceive—to found a poem on the agonies of a beautiful girl accidentally thrown into the den of Sawney Bean! Still, Professor Aytoun is a Scotchman. So far from ridiculing that somewhat exaggerated *esprit de nation* for which the Scotch are remarkable, we have always regarded it as entitled to very high respect. When we consider how that northern scrap of Britain has not only held its own as a nation in defiance of soil, position, ceaseless pressure from without, and ultimately nominal extinction; but has, moreover, by the indomitable spirit and genius of its people, exercised a powerful influence in biasing the future of every growing nation on the earth; when we consider all this, we can readily excuse a Scotchman for believing à l'outrance in anything that is, or has been, Scotch. We could excuse and admire Professor Aytoun, as a Scotch man of letters, for interesting himself in any period of his country's history, however remote, tiresome, or disagreeable, provided he did so in a spirit of comprehensive nationality. But when we find that the Professor's patriotism stops short at Scotch kings, queens, and nobles; that he brings much research and erudition to bear upon an obscure and barbarous time, in the spirit of a court-newsman; that all his judgment, independence, and human sympathies fall prostrate before the actions, foibles and crimes of GREAT PEOPLE, the Professor must excuse us if we forget the Scotchman in the flunkey.

The poem is in six parts. The speaker is represented during his final imprisonment at Malmoe, endeavouring to solace his loneliness by recalling the events of his past career. Each section of the narrative embodies a leading event in the border adventurer's life. In the first part we have a description of the murder of Riccio, of which Bothwell is an eye-witness. The "Noble Earl" thus describes the "lamentable occurrence in high life":

"'Twas night—mirk night—the sleet beat on;  
The wind, as now, was rude;  
And I was lonely in my room  
In dreary Holyrood.  
I heard a cry, a tramp of men,  
A clash of steel below,  
And from my window, in the court  
I saw the torches glow.

"But O, the shriek that thrill'd me then,  
The accents of despair,  
The man's imploring agony,  
The woman's frantic pray'r!  
'Oh, for the love of God and Christ,  
I've mercy—mercy—I!  
O mistress—Queen—protect me yet,  
I am not fit to die!  
'O God! I stand by me, Darnley—you—  
My husband! will you see  
Black murder in my presence here!  
O God! he turns from me!  
Back, villains, back! you shall not strike,  
Unless you slay me too.  
O help! help! they kill the Queen!  
Help! help! O nobles—you—  
O Ruthven—Douglas—as you trust  
For mercy in your need,  
For Christ's dear sake, be satisfied—  
Do not this monstrous deed!  
I'll yield—O yes! I'll break with France,  
Do anything you will,  
But spare him—spare him—spare him, friends!  
Why should you seek to kill?  
O God! unloose me, Darnley! shame!  
Let go my arm, thou knave!  
To me—to me—all Scottish hearts—  
Help! murder! Come and save!"

"A door flew wide. I saw them there—  
Ruthven in mail complete,  
George Douglas, Ker of Fawdonside,  
And Riccio at their feet.  
With rapiers drawn and pistols bent,  
They seized their wretched prey;  
They wrenched her garments from his grasp,  
They stabbed him where he lay.  
I saw George Douglas raise his arm,  
I saw his dagger gleam;  
And then I heard the dying yell,  
And Mary's piteous scream.  
I saw her writhe in Darnley's arms  
As in a serpent's fold—  
The coward! he was pale as death,  
But would not loose his hold!  
And then the torches waved and shook,  
And louder grew the din,  
And up the stair, and through the doors  
The rest came trooping in.

What could I do? No time was that  
To listen or to wait;  
Thronged were the rooms with furious men,  
And close beset the gate.  
Morton and Lindsay kept the court,  
With many a deadly foe  
And swords are swift to do their work  
When blood begins to flow.  
Darkling I traced the passage back  
As swiftly as I came,  
For through the din that rose without  
I heard them shout my name.  
Enough!—that night one victim died  
Before Queen Mary's face,  
And in my heart I doomed that night  
Another in his place.  
Not that I cared for Riccio's life,  
They might have worked their will;  
Though base it was in men so high  
A helpless wretch to kill.  
But I had seen my Queen profaned,  
Outraged before my face,  
By him, the dastard, heartless boy,  
The land's and our disgrace,  
'Twas he devised the felon plot—  
'Twas he that planned the crime—  
He led the murderers to her room—  
And—God—at what a time!"

The "time" alluded to, we presume, is that of Mary's pregnancy with her unfortunate son, whose variable character is supposed to have been influenced by the shock his mother received on this occasion. The suggestion certainly augments the horror of the butchery to a revolting pitch. The first part of the story concludes with the four following lines:—

"Ay, howl again, thou winter wind—  
Roar louder yet, thou sea!  
For nothing else can stun the thoughts  
That rise to madden me!"

strongly reminding us of certain "cold gray shores," treated of by one Tennyson.

The principal incident in the second part is a "desperate broadsword combat," between Bothwell, then Warden of the Marches, and a gentleman in the moss-trooping line, whom he eventually overcomes. The narration of this leaves a very vivid impression of reality on the reader's mind. Mr. Aytoun certainly describes mere physical action wonderfully well; though it is curious to consider through what poverty of action he has to struggle in the pursuit of his end. Bothwell being laid up with his wounds, after this encounter, is visited by Mary, who comes to thank him for his championship of her cause and that of social order. This attention—from a Queen!—is too much for the impressionable, not to say "plush-like" heart of the gallant Warden. He must divorce his wife,

"A trembling, sickly, shrewish dame,  
And put her from his bed!"

murder Darnley, and marry the widow immediately. His mind is worked up to this noble resolution by a vision, after the time-honoured manner of the Surrey and Victoria Theatres. A spectre—as to whose identity and motive there appears some doubt—appears to Bothwell in a dream, and points out to the latter the advantages that would accrue to him from such a line of conduct as we have indicated. This ghost of nobody in particular calls up a series of panoramic views, representing, amongst other objects:—

"A snire  
Of lurid red and dismal light  
Between me and the mountain height,"

above which is a "kingly crown," which the dreamer is informed may be his if his heart "like his steel," be

"Keen, sharp, and strong, and prompt to strike—  
To strike and not to feel!"

The ghost having worked up the sleeper's courage to the sticking place, cries:—

"Away that pageant!"

Upon which we learn that,—

"Spire and crown  
Shut, like the lightning's leap;  
But overhead a meteor came,  
Slow-moving, tingling with its flame  
The murky clouds and deep;  
It shed a glare on Arthur's Seat,  
It shivered like a shield,  
And burst, in thunder and in fire,  
Above the Kirk-of-Field."

Were we wholly unjustified in charging Professor Aytoun with having borrowed from Mr. Fitzball? To whom else can he be indebted for his ghost and red fire?

The captive soliloquist commences the third portion of his lucubrations with pardonable misgivings as to the intentions of a jailor who "for three long years has been his only groom," and who has latterly shown somewhat "ugly" symptoms. The prospect of being murdered himself is, to say the least, disagreeable. Bothwell prefers going back in thought to those jolly times, when he could afford to do a little murder on his own account:—

"And I will back—and bravely back,  
To that tremendous night  
When the whole state of Scotland reeled,  
And Darnley took his flight.  
That which I did, nor shrink to do,  
I may at least recall;  
If spectres rise from out the grave,  
I dare to face them all!"

With a *tol-de-rol-de-rol-de-rol*—We beg the reader ten thousand pardons, but for the life of us, we can never finish one of the professor's stanzas, without feeling that it ought to be followed by that primitive chorus which on festive occasions is always so charitably prolonged, to enable the parlour improvisatore to think over his next verse.

The murder of Darnley is then described in detail. There is an attempt here to glorify the arch-conspirator's guilt, by attributing it to chivalrous motives, worthy of the best days of Harrison Ainsworth. Bothwell is represented as the chief of a dastardly plot, in which some hundreds of men conspire to assassinate a helpless, bedridden *debauché*, by blowing up a house, containing several people, with gunpowder. It is true that the remaining victims are only common servants and working people—who, of course, are nothing. But Bothwell has the splendid excuse of being in love with the doomed gentleman's wife, and also that of the "glorious sin" ambition—that is to say, the same feeling of cupidity on an extended scale, which was the ruin of that other hero, the lamented Mr. Rush. Again, the illustrious criminal has the great consolation, that,

"Free from one damning guilt at least  
My soul has ever been;  
I did not sell my country's rights,  
Nor fawn on England's Queen!"

He stole the deer, it is true, but he did not kiss the keeper's daughter. Jack Sheppard is a thief, but he never told a lie! It is in such matters as this, that we have the hardihood to trace a resemblance between the Professor and Mr. Jenkins of the "Post."

It may be urged here that it is Bothwell, and not Aytoun, who is speaking throughout; and that it would be natural to the former character to gloze over his own crimes by vainglorious boasting. To this we can only reply, that, unfortunately, Mr. Aytoun does not possess the Shakspearian faculty in a sufficient degree to sink his own identity in that of any one of his creations.

After many delays, and much trepidation on the part of the gallant conspirators, the effect of which is almost comic, the fatal train is lighted:—

"And with a hoarse internal roar  
A blaze went up and filed the air!  
Batters, and stones, and bodies rose,  
In one quick gush of blinding flame,  
And down, and down, amidst the dark,  
Hurling on every side they came.  
Surely the devil tarried near,  
To make the blast more fierce and fell,  
For never pealed on human ear  
So dreadful and so dire a knell."

We regret to have to place it on record of such a heroic personage, but it must be told—Lord Bothwell is frightened! and his ignominious impasse is to "cut and run!"

"I took the least-frequented road,  
But even there arose a hum;  
Lights shined in every vile abode,  
And far away I heard the drum.  
Roused was the city, late so still;  
Burgiers, half-clad, ran hurrying by,  
Old cronies came forth, and scolded shrill,  
Men shouted challenge and reply.  
Yet no one dared to cross my path,  
My hand was on my dagger's hilt;  
Fear is as terrible as wrath,  
And vengeance not more fierce than guilt.  
I would have stricken to the heart  
Whoever should have stopped me then;  
None saw me from the palace part,  
None saw me enter it again.  
Ah! but I heard a whisper pass,  
It thrilled me as I reached the door—  
'Welcome to thee, the knight that was,  
The felon now for evermore!'"

Professor Aytoun is in want of a few hints on melodramatic construction. The explosion, at the end of his second act—we beg his pardon, partitione frustrates the effect of the more important one to follow. The denouement of our favourite "Miller and his Men" would be nothing if a vision of the exploding mill were shown to Grindoff in an earlier portion of the drama.

With the third part all interest in the story of "Bothwell" ceases; the exciting incidents being exhausted. We get subsequently embroiled in uninteresting and not very intelligible political plottings. The abduction of Mary, and her forced marriage with Bothwell, are feebly and unsatisfactorily indicated. Of the "one short month," during which the "sceptred might of Scotland" was Bothwell's own, that gentleman brags incessantly; but we have not a single picture drawn from his condition or actions during that period. When at length we find him on Carberry Hill, boastfully prepared to defend his wife and usurped dignities against the combined nobles of Scotland, and finally, like the King of France, who

"With fifty thousand men,  
Went up a hill and then came down again,"

resigning everything without a blow, and riding ignominiously to exile, we dismiss him with contempt as one of those lions, who, to quote Mr. Tapley, are "all roar and mane." We feel that Professor Aytoun's mountain of bombast has produced nothing but a most ridiculous mouse.

We have said nothing yet of the other characters in the story, of which there are nominally a great number. But they are mere nonentities. Mary herself is the most insignificant of "waking ladies." The other personages are merely talked of. The Regent Murray is spoken of as the "falsest villain that ever Scotland bred;" but we see nothing practically of his falsehood or villainies. Morton, Lethington, and other conspirators are abused—"slanged" we were about to say—in very choice Bulwerian, Darnley, is

"—A wretch who Paradise resigned,  
To wallow in a sty."

Ormiston, Bothwell's faithful follower, is—

"The strongest warrior of the day  
A giant both in thwies and limb,"  
&c. &c. &c.

But there is no single dramatic touch to give any of these personages vitality, or to enable them to bear out the characters ascribed to them. Stay, there is one characteristic bit: the worthy giant, Ormiston, in order to fortify his moral courage for the murder of Darnley—gets drunk! For the rest, with the exception of Bothwell and Mary, we have little hesitation in saying, that no reader, unacquainted with the history of the period, can read the narrative through, and leave off with a clear idea of the personal identity of any single character.

On the whole, without going into history on our own responsibility, merely taking the character of Bothwell, as Professor Aytoun has drawn it, we are bound to state, that we find nothing in the book but the history of a very pitiful scoundrel, who is, moreover, a "snob" of the first water. He has committed unheard of crimes; he has divorced a harmless wife; and blown up a house full of people. He is a coward, a liar, and a bully. But he married a Queen! This, in Bothwell's opinion, and as it would almost seem, in Professor Aytoun's, more than excuses everything.

We remember not long ago, being called in to see a miserable worn out *debauché*, once a famous man upon town, on the verge of premature dissolution, the result of his own vices. He was bitterly deploring the life he had led, and fully conscious of the end it was hastening him to. But he suddenly brightened up, consoling himself with the reflection, that, after all, he had "seen more life than any man he knew, and had been intimate with the first men of the land, including the Marquises of Hertford and Waterford!" These were almost the last words he spoke. Can the reader discover any parallel?

The writing of "Bothwell" is pretty much of a level throughout. The passages we have quoted will give the reader a fair idea of the whole. We have not sought for the best or for the worst. As not even an attempt at original poetic imagery has presented itself to us in reading the book through, we have presumed that the author cares only to be judged as a story-teller, and have merely made such extracts as we have considered serviceable in conveying an idea of the narrative. One view of Mr. Aytoun's diction we cannot help noticing. This is the constant redundancy of weak synonyms. These frequently degrade his verses even below the modest standard of ballad common-place which he seems content to aspire to. A few expressions, selected from different passages, will illustrate our meaning:—

"They call me savage, brutal, base"—  
"Wretch, villain, traitor, regicide"—  
"He lay indeed a dying man,  
His minutes number'd, mark'd, and spanned"—  
"Had he been gentle, faithful, true,  
Kind, courteous, nobly bred"—  
"But flattery cannot sway the mind  
That's noble, constant, and resigned"—

It was the perusal of such lines as these made us charge Professor Aytoun with writing in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins.

As we have hinted, the book is magnificently got up and printed. It is made further valuable by an appendix of historic notes, in which the writer places at the disposal of his readers, by means of an able condensation, the principal documents from which his work has been constructed. With Mr. Aytoun's great erudition and decided turn for historical research, he might produce something of service to his country's literature, even though he should share the ordinary fate of mankind in not being a great poet. But in order to do this, he must so train his mental vision as to be able to look beyond the dazzling circle of kings and queens.

GERALD MASSEY, whose charming "Ballad of Babe Christabel" was so warmly received a couple of years ago, has announced a new poem entitled "Craigcrook Castle," to be published in October. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where the poet has resided for some time.

THE EARLIEST EDITION OF "HAMLET."—A Shakspearian relic of great importance has recently been discovered—a second copy of the earliest edition of "Hamlet," printed in 1603. This treasure has come into the hands of Mr. J. O. Halliwell, for the price of £120. The copy is in good condition and complete, with the exception of the title-page. The Duke of Devonshire's copy, the only other one known, is imperfect at the end, and the deficiency will now, for the first time, be satisfactorily supplied. The play, as printed in 4to, for N. L. and John Trundell, is supposed to have been taken from an imperfect copy in the prompt book, or to have been fraudulently obtained. The Devonshire copy, till now unique, was discovered in 1825. It has been reprinted. The title-page of the edition of 1604 describes the play as "newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy."

INTERESTING TO BIBLE REFORMERS.—In Gironda (Spain) the public library has discovered a manuscript of the Bible, which is traced to the early part of the twelfth century. It is written on parchment of great fineness. The pages are divided into two columns, and enriched with arabesques and ornamented letters, painted with great taste.



## THE LOUNGER ABROAD.

Edwin Bacon.

Frankfort early in the morning, we proceeded by what is called the Main-Necker Railway to Baden. After a two hours' ride, we were to a station, where we changed carriages, and found a large crowd waiting to see the King of Greece, who had been attending a great musical festival at Mannheim, and who was now awaiting the arrival of another train. I had an excellent view of his Greek Majesty, and in truth must confess that I had never seen a specimen of royalty, it has never been my ill luck to see a king. He is a tall, thin, swarthy, unbecomingly looking man, and was dressed in a dark blue uniform, with a red sash and large gold buttons. He was attended by several of his Greek attendants in their picturesque costume, reminding one of Byron's line—

"The wild Albanian knitted to the knee."

Had, for immediate councillor, Mr. Luchter, the well known Greek agent of London. The journey from Frankfort to Baden has through a very picturesque and romantic country, passing first the range of the Black Forest, then leading through well cultivated and fertile fields, and, finally, as we approach our destination, the outcrops of the Black Forest appear in view. At Oos a single line of railway branches off to the main line running on to Baden, and in a few minutes we are at the enchanted region. This part of nature, which does not generally stick at trifles, can do no justice to the beauties of this lovely spot. Did you require a picturesque and accurate description of it, I should say—

A decoration of Alexander Dumas, infused a dash of Sir Francis Head, with Willie Collins' mystery, and serve up warm with Sala. You might then get a dish worthy of your editorial palate; but, this cannot be, let me, at once, place my little *force d'armee* before you. Baden, then, is, without exception, the prettiest, the pleasantest, and the most romantic spot I ever saw. I found it a very good present experience, for I have been there before from time to time. I speak after the manner of the possessor of a mountain retreat, who, Murray says, "one land and Bradshaw in the other, tushes on and home in a fortnight." I have seen most of the renowned places in England, France, and Germany, and still hold to my laudatory opinion of Baden. Switzerland is grander, wilder, and more terrible. North Wales runs its rocky crags and mountains would tell you that the Highlands are superior, but take my unprejudiced word for it, that nowhere will you find a commingling of the various beautiful descriptions of scenery, a good water, rocky river, ruins, mountains, waterfalls, cultivated plain, flowing past, busy, stirring life, utter seclusion in its midst. It is essentially a holiday place; a place for eating, drinking, idling, smoking, flirting, and, in a place in which picnic parties are essential, and pleasant excursions a necessary of life—where the thoughts of "Coney" in a velvet jacket, and the ghosts of printers' devils are bid to fly. Nothing in the midst of a rocky hills stands the little town, with its bright houses, white houses, pretty villas, its clear, transparent little stream purring through the middle of its main street. Flowing down upon it, situated on the extreme top of a rugged mountain, stand the ruins of the old castle, where, in the thirteenth century, resided the Grand Dukes of Baden in feudal state, and where now is placed an excellent restaurant for the comfort of the visitors, who certainly stand in need of refreshment after the laborious ascent. As I sat here, drinking a pleasant half-bottle of Adenhaler, and gazing upon the glorious panorama before me, the merry little town at my feet, the dark unattractive lines of the Black Forest stretching far away, I could reach, and the sunlit Rhine winding among the flat plains to the neighbourhood of Mannheim as I sat here, Sir, I say, I drew a contrast between my state and yours. I fancied you sitting at 148, Fleet Street, waiting for the long-delayed work of some delinquent contributor, stay, hot, and irritated, with the roar of omnibuses scudding in your ears, and I must say, I think my pleasure derived an additional zest from the reflection of your misery.

Descending the hill on the other side, you come to the New Castle, so called on the celebrated *Itinera non principis*, it having been founded in the fifteenth century. The castle is a large, ugly, stupid, uninteresting show-place, with the chairs all ranged against the wall, and the rooms generally presenting that unused appearance which is the characteristic of such places. Here, however, are very curious vaults, used in former times as the dungeons for state prisoners. As they are pitch dark, each visitor is provided with a candle stuck at the end of a stick, reminding me forcibly of a wine-tasting expedition at the London Docks, and, preceded by the *châtelaine*, we take our way down a winding staircase; the whole effect being wonderfully romantic and Mrs. Radcliffe-like. Prisoners, however, did not descend by these stairs—they were let down by a windlass, through a large species of chimney, which still remains. Once in, there was little chance of escape, for the coarses are solid blocks of stone, which turn upon pivots, and I can assure you that when they are closed you feel uncommonly uncomfortable, for the ironwork might be rusty, or anything might happen to necessitate a prolonged stay.

At the extremity of the dungeons is a large square vault, in which the secret tribunal, or *Vehmgericht*, held its sittings. Immediately outside this is a large pit, or *ube*, now boarded over. Just beyond this stood an image of the Virgin, which condemned prisoners were told to walk up to and embrace. The flooring over the pit gave way beneath their weight, and they fell through upon a machine of spikes revolving on a wheel, which pierced them through, and bore them to pieces.

Quitting this dreary subject, let me come to a pleasant one. Directly fronting the town are large gardens and *Loulevard*. The *Conversationshaus*, a splendid building, the middle compartment of which contains many magnificent chandeliers, two being especially devoted to gazing. Entering by the centre door, you come upon the *roulotte*, a circle surrounded by players, and lookers-on standing three-deep. To a mere spectator, the scene is not very amusing. All the details of description given in novel—the piled-up agony, the despairing looks, the torn hair, the fiendish excitement—all this is simply humbug. The stakes are laid, one of the *croupiers* spins the ball, and begins his monotonous chant—"*Tout le jeu, Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" and then, as the ball rolls in—"Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus!" and then the result—"Vingt-huit, rouge, pair et passe!"

Stakes are raked up, winners paid, and the game begins *de capo*. The second room is set apart for *rouge et noir*, or, as it is now more generally called, *trente et quarante*. There are people of all European nations gathered round these tables, but French is the language generally spoken, and five-franc pieces and Napoleons are the coins generally employed. There are not so many Russians here this year as I have usually noticed, the war and patriotic subscriptions having perhaps drained their purses. Englishmen swarm here, as the bank knows to its cost. A Mr. B—, brother of Mr. B—O—, M.P., has punished the table to the extent of 75,000 francs, and has prudently resolved from playing again; more wonderful still, he keeps his word. I understand also that another Englishman, a Mr. H—, has won a large sum at the table at Homberg. The tables are, and have been for a long time, rented by a M. Denazet, a Frenchman, whose father was the proprietor of Frascati in Paris. He lives *en prince* at a villa immediately behind the *Conversationshaus*, and during the winter resides in Paris. He has all the best shooting and fishing of the neighbourhood, gives large balls, private theatricals, &c., in the invitations to all of which he is most liberal. The clear gains of the bank, after paying extravagant rent for privilege of keeping the tables, and laying out enormous sums on the rooms, gardens, &c., &c., are calculated at £10,000 a year.

On the 9th and 10th, the former being the birthday of the Grand Duke we had a great festival at Baden. The guns were fired all day, banners waved from every imaginable place, and at night the gardens were lighted, and there was a very good display of fireworks. Moreover, rows of lights were placed along each of the five rampart outlines of the old castle, producing at a distance a beautiful effect.

The right wing of the *Conversationshaus* is fitted up as a *restaurant*, and the space immediately in front of it is fitted with little tables in the true Parisian *café* fashion. In the evening these tables are thronged with people, taking their *demi tasse* and *petit verre*, smoking and listening to the

band, which plays a *salon-pavillon* laid by. The left wing is occupied by Mr. Marx, the brewer, who is the Galignani of Baden.

Between the *Conversationshaus* and the railway lies the Trinkhalle, or pump-room, frequented by the respectable beings who drink the waters. I hear that between seven and eight, A.M., there is a regular levee here, but I am never up early enough to see it. The Trinkhalle itself is a fine building, and the exterior is decorated with well-executed frescoes, representing various Rhinish and Black Forest legends.

The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary are here, attended of course by the perennial Baron Krieselbeck and a suite of swells, and there are also a host of musical and literary people, French and English. I shall stay a few days longer, and then go on *en rôt* Strasbourg to Paris, where I shall write to you again.

## THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, 1856.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT BRIDGEWATER AND BATH.

(Continued from last week's number.)

FROM MARTOCK BY MONTACUTE TO YEovil.

WEDNESDAY.—We went by the nine o'clock train to Martock, but the rapid pace at which we travelled rendered it impossible to observe much of the beautiful surrounding country. We did, however, notice a modern-looking ruin placed abruptly on the top of a hill, which on inquiry we found to be *Boroughbridge church*. It was partly built about a hundred years ago, but never finished, as it was feared that the congregation could never climb up the steep incline upon which it was in course of erection. A more convenient church was subsequently built in 1828, and now on Sundays the *Boroughbridge "roughs"* play at pitch and toss in these modern ruins, unmolested by the constable.

Upon our arrival at Martock, we found ourselves unconsciously repeating aloud the proverb, "Shake a Martock man, and you'll hear the oceans rattle in his belly." "Yes," added a stout but local member, "and it is worth remembering that a Martock, famous for its wrestlers, has added, and who can shake a Martock man?" whereupon we scrambled on to one of the omnibuses in waiting, which rumbled away amid the usual gaping crowd to the church. This ancient structure has a roof like St. Catharine's (its lines of curved angles only wanting a coat of paint to complete the resemblance), immediately under which is a series of niches once filled with sculptures, but now decorated with primitive-looking paintings, which only reminded us of the bright figures on our Christmas pieces which as little boys we used to spoil at school. Mr. George Godwin was with us, having successfully covered his good nature with the usual saturnine mask, and looking with his long face as if his life had been (from earliest manhood devoted to pulling that prominent chin ornament, his imperial. The first thing he discovered was a beautiful three-light window of the thirteenth century, which the churchwardens had plastered upon the inside, and the second, that the strongly-expressed opinion of the Association as to such an act of vandalism, might perhaps induce the provincial authorities to think better of it. We had just found the date 1591 on the roof, and had been informed, notwithstanding that the body of the church was of the fifteenth century, when Mr. Planché rushed in from the churchyard, exclaiming, "A great shame! look here!" We followed him to the outside of the building, when he continued, "Just look at the costumes of these figures. This is of the time of Henry the Fourth, and this of Edward the Second. The idea of a fifteenth century monument covering a modern grave, exposed to the weather!"

We next repaired to the Manor House, where the small space anciently required for the habitation of so important a personage as the Lord of the Manor became the subject of some discussion—the building consisting apparently of but one large hall, the rough, undressed, lolly-designed roof of which received considerable attention. We then returned to our omnibuses, noticing on our way the large slabs that are used to fence in the small strips of gardens before the cottages, and which looked like barriades of paving stones.

Stoke-sub-Hamdon, to which we then repaired, is especially noted for an old building, which has no definite name and which is indifferently termed Stoke College, Priory, or Parsonage; it is a very old and interesting ruin of the time of Edward VII., decayed with age, and overgrown with rank vegetation, and its little chapel degraded into a fowl-house. It was on our way to this place of many names that we noticed Miss Lee of Beaminster—a short, fresh-coloured, and rather hard-featured lady, on horseback. She wore a little beaver hat (the large rosette belonging to which half covered her face), and a riding-habit, and carried a whip; she had no servant with her, seemed exceedingly independent, and was very short and quaint in her remarks. She seemed to represent an old Somersetshire custom, dating from the time when the badness of the roads necessitated horsewomanship as the only means by which females could travel about the country. She accompanied the Association throughout the day. It may be as well to mention that the word "Stoke" so frequently repeated in various parts of England, anciently meant a village, and the place of that name which we visited, is, in connection with Martock and Yeovil, famous for its gloves, although, having bought a pair, we feel justified in saying that we don't think much of them.

"Stoke Church," as Mr. Godwin remarked, "is of itself a perfect school, containing as it does every variety of Gothic architecture." Mr. Planché found more costume, comprising an Edward the First's head, 1150, and a recumbent figure of a knight, which he explained must be about 1603, because of the point or "taper" of the breastplate, which, beginning in the middle during Henry the Eighth's reign, got down by Elizabeth's time to the bottom, and from that period almost assumed the appearance of Planché's doublet.

Montacute Priory, the next object of interest which we visited, is only represented by a large and nobly ornamented gateway, which has over it a niche and a masonry; the latter not easily to be deciphered, excepting by Mr. Black, who translated it into T. C. The remains of the Chanoine Monastery, of which mention had been made, were not discovered, the next field being pointed to as the place where possibly they might be found.

Being informed that Captain Phelps had given permission to the Association to visit Montacute, we proceeded thither, stopping, however, on our way to inspect the church, which was spoken of as representing "the turning point between the early English and decorated styles." It contains a variety of interesting monuments erected to the memory of the Phelps family, and amongst others, one to Thomas Phelps, 1658, the builder of Montacute. It has also some curious inscriptions, which fully occupied Mr. Black and his piece of shoe leather. One, which we elaborately copied, ran thus, "Pray yowe for the good state of thys hole pysche, and all christen popill. Anno dm. 1543." We must explain that two strokes through the tail of the p in "pysche" changes that word into parish. But this edifice is not alone rich in inscriptions, it boasts of some traditions; one of which is, that one side of the chancel belongs to the vicar, and the other to the lay-rector; and when they quarrelled, as they did a few years ago, the vicar threatened that if the rector in restoring his side of the church dared to put in a Gothic window, he would pair it on his part with a common sash.

Over the front entrance to Montacute is the following quaint inscription, "And yours my friends."

the back entrance being similarly ornamented with,

"Through this wide opening gate,

None come too early,

None return too late."

It is to be hoped that none of the visitors took these liberal mottoes as an insult to their appetites, although they were very hungry and found no refreshment offered them. The house, however, went far towards repaying such an omission, for it is a very fine specimen of Elizabethan architecture. It contains a great many portraits of the Phelps family, and from the windows of the library (which is on the first storey, is rich in oak panelling, and has a polished floor, difficult to trust one's self on) we obtained a fine bird's-eye view of the fountain court, with its ancient balustrades and adjoining Italian garden.

We were particularly struck by a pair of Cromwellian boots, into which a learned antiquary was very near tumbling, and also by a rude bas-relief, representing the old punishment of the "Skiddington" which is not only peculiar from the custom being kept up, under the same name, in an adjoining parish, but also from its being a remembrance of punishment for

drunkenness, and not for adultery, to which its application is generally supposed to have been limited. It portrays, on the one side, a heavy-looking man, who having been left to nurse the child, has surreptitiously repaired to the stable, from which he is filling a horn—his wife, surprising him in the act, is hitting him over the head with her shoe; in the other compartment he is riding on a pole towards a distant church, carried by four villagers, who seem to enjoy the sport immensely.

The gallery on the top floor, stretches the whole length of the building. It measures 183 feet by 21, and would make, as the undress servant in waiting remarked, "a fine room for a dance." It was originally a library, having two small reading rooms adjacent, but the books were destroyed during the Commonwealth. The Phelps of the period being a royalist to the bone, the house was sacked and afterwards occupied by Cromwell, and the ground, even to the door steps, ploughed up. Sir Alexander Wood, who seemed intimately acquainted with the house, showed the settling of some of the windows of the gallery, consequent upon the cutting away of the tie beams, and also informed us that the stone work composing the front of the house, was brought from Clevedon and re-erected.

The inconvenient punctuality of Mr. Pettigrew was the cause of leaving several members of the Association behind; and these, comprising three divines, an F.R.S., and two F.S.A.s, were obliged to "charter" a wagon, and be jolted along at the rate of four miles an hour on wet straw (and without their dinners).

Brympton Church is of the perpendicular style, and in very good preservation. It is a "low pitched," curious old place.

The porch of Brympton House is peculiar from having been built of materials earlier in style than the rest of the house; this was done in 1722, when additions were made to the place. In the house is a curious screen, covered with etchings by Hogarth and his contemporaries, a fine portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland, and some very slippery polished oaken stairs.

After examining this building, we drove off to Yeovil, picking up two ladies (tired and exhausted), who having been left behind at Montacute, had walked all the way. Arrived there, we proceeded to the "Mermaid," where "spread" had been prepared, and where the minority of the Association, under the leadership of "the antiquary who ate like a dog," was just sitting down.

"H!" said the antiquarian who, &c., "here's a magnificent luncheon, and not enough people to eat it. The landlord will lose by this, I'm sure," and thereupon he cut off a slice of beef. Presently his eye happened to fall upon some pickled salmon—"Sad thing for the landlord," said he, and helped himself accordingly. In the same manner he took an immense plateful of lamb (which he said he had forgotten, with a groan, held up his hands dolefully when he asked for a claw of a lobster, and finally burst out with "What a shame to serve the landlord like this," as he appropriated an open butt to himself. "Why don't you try the Somersetshire butter, sir?" said a neighbour. He shook his head and took it, murmured something indistinctly about "Shame—dead loss," and cut the best crust off an untouched loaf.

When we arrived at Yeovil Church, we found that Mr. Black had been before us, and had inspected the inscription upon a lectern, which had puzzled everybody until now. Excepting that it is called the *Lantern of the West* from its highness, there is nothing very important about Yeovil Church.

We tried to walk through the Yeovil "Exhibition of Art," but found it such a sediment of the worst kind of Wardour Street that we ineffectually left it; just caught the train; got back to Bridgewater; and were immediately laid hold of by Mr. Vere Irving, who had been getting up a series of excuses for the purpose of bethinking every body about his paper on the Cisbury Camps, which, when read at the evening meeting, proved to be an attempt to square the circle of the British, and *vice versa* of the Roman encampments, after which Mr. Planché read a paper by Gilbert French, Esq., in which the connection between the rayed banners of the Crusaders, having been traced to the "pile" of heraldry, was successfully proved to have given rise equally to the three balls of the pawbroker and the three tassels of the great seal of England.

CLEVEDON.

THURSDAY.—We went by rail this morning to Clevedon, through a beating drizzle, unending rain, that swept across the country like smoke out of a Gravesend steamer. Clevedon Church is said to be the oldest specimen of Saxon architecture known, and contains the curious feature of an arch, neither round nor pointed, which was accounted for by Mr. Davis, who supposed that the English workmen had heard of the introduction of pointed arches, but being ignorant of the principles upon which they were constructed, had made this "interesting failure." The chancel, which was evidently built at a much later period, is of the perpendicular style, and not good; but the roof is a fine example of medieval carpentry.

The eulogy of De Clevedon of Clevedon Court, the three-light window decorating the chancel, and the beautiful canopy to the porch, are points of great interest.

Mr. Planché found some more costume (in the corbels), and from the hood and bopples of the period, settled the date of the erection of the building at the fourteenth, or early fifteenth century, about Richard II., notwithstanding that the corbels were of various periods.

A tablet is here erected to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the son of the historian, who died at Vienna, September 15, 1833, in the twenty-third year of his age, and in remembrance of whom Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam."

From the church we drove to Clevedon Court through the rain, and were introduced into the hall, where four tables, stretching the whole length, were loaded with Somersetshire delicacies; but hungry members were sternly led from these temptations by that "man of business," Mr. Pettigrew, who showed us through the mansion, calling our attention to the "Wake knot" (emblem of the Wake family) and the rebus, "Wake and pray." We strolled through the drawing-room—the library (with its Elizabethan chimney-piece)—the gallery over the hall, whence was a tantalising view of the tables—the bed-room, led up to by polished oak stairs—the boudoir, occupying the oriel of the hall (with its beautiful square decorated window), and the back-room, with its inappropriate picture of Hagar and Ishmael. Returning to the hall, we came full upon the antiquary who ate like a dog, with his hands in his pockets. He was gloating over the four long series of eatables, and evidently picking out the best.

When we sat down to "luncheon," Dr. Conybeare delivered the following appropriate grace—"God provide for the wants of others, and make us thankful." The collation was an excellent one, and we all felt grateful to Sir Arthur Hallam Eltham, notwithstanding that he was absent. Mr. Pettigrew now apologised for the misarrangement of Mr. Davis's paper; and that gentleman, who managed to show his teeth in a most demonstrative manner, succeeded in stumbling through what should have been a paper on Clevedon Court. A speech or two having been made, and the rain subsiding, we ventured out to inspect the marvellous square window—a few of the ladies, however, stopping behind for a few minutes to make bouquets of the flowers which had decorated our repast. We went round to the back of the house, looked at the Mendip Hills, and where the sea was, though we could not see it through the haze—and finally, returned to our carriages.

We arrived at Weston-in-Gordano in the rain, and mounting our umbrellas, ascended a rather steep hill, to an old stone stile over which the ladies were very gallantly handed. In the church are memorials of the Percival family, a font of the eleventh century (same date as the tower), and an interesting gallery, said to have been used by the priests for the purpose of "singing the people in."

At Tickenham Church, near Nailsea Moor, Mr. Planché was again in his glory. Here are three finely sculptured statues, representing two knights and a lady, presumably dated from the time of Edward the First to that of Edward the Third. It was suggested that some member of the Berkeley family came here and assumed the name of Tickenham, for the arms of Berkeley were found by Mr. Planché, in the window.

After this we drove back in our flys to Clevedon Station, in company with a curate and an Oxford student, both men of strong physique and robust appearance, but both haunted by a fear of giving way to their feelings, and therefore talking in a namby-pamby manner of "The Workman's Friend" as the limit to which the poor should extend their literary tastes; decrying novels (for the people), but owing to a secret passion for Thackeray; afraid to jest but in some dreary and tortuous manner



and drivelling about "I went to a wedding, and I am so fond of going to weddings; they ask me for a speech, in which of course, I manage, do you know, to make an allusion."

After returning to Bridgewater, an evening meeting was held at the Town Hall, when Mr. Pettigrew read a paper by J. Brent, Esq., on Scribes and Notaries; after which, Mr. Black, who perhaps scenting the rain, had stopped in Bridgewater all the day looking over the Town Records, translated some very curious items, as for instance—"I can pay a gallon of wine, 8d. I can pay Freycyon, 6s. 8d.; Town Clerk's fees for six months, 3s. 4d." In the Talies, where "3d., 4d., 8d., and 10d." seemed the average sums levied, is found, "John Hodges is pardoned, 1d;" "£5 a-year for the Mayor;" and "Tobacco and Pipes at twice 2s. 9d." Mr. Pettigrew having made a speech complimenting everybody, and hoping that everybody liked everybody now they had met, the Bridgewater Congress was at an end.

We took one last look at the Hall, Pettigrew looking like a good-natured philosophic owl; the Mayor of Bridgewater like a weak-minded hawk. We glanced at the "rubings" on the walls, at the judicial sign-board, with its coat of arms and A, R, (each letter surmounted by a crown), and going quietly to our lodgings, went to bed.

#### BATH.

FRIDAY.—The City of Blauud, although it has lost its swine, retains its Baths, and, of course, they were a great object of attraction. The principal spring, which is at the King's Bath, and which pours out 126 gallons of water per minute, with a temperature of 116 degrees at the orifice, is worth seeing; it is like an immense pan of warm water just boiling in the centre, and throws off quantities of steam. The baths themselves are very beautifully arranged, and want of time alone precluded us from the enjoyment of one.

After looking at the spring and the baths, we made our way to the Literary Institution, built on the site of the old Assembly Rooms, where the members of the Association had gathered. Dr. Markland having delivered an address, the Rev. H. M. Searth read a paper on the Roman Antiquities of Bath, which was listened to with marked attention; and after Mr. C. E. Davis had discoursed upon the churches of Bath, the members separated until two o'clock, when they proceeded to visit the Abbey Church.

The first view of the interior of this fine old building inspires a feeling of disgust. Upon every inch of wall that can be obtained is exhibited a tablet, rendering "sacred" the "memory" of some departed fashionable; and not only are the walls so used, but also every stone of the pavement.



VIEW OF CLEVEDON COURT.

after the manner of window-sashes; the mass, which forms the framework, having been first covered after which the stonework with which it is faced, which we were informed is not more than two inches thickness, was "let in."

This church was never properly finished. Begun in the 14th century, the works were at intervals continued up to Henry VIII. time. A curious story is told concerning the church, which we have just spoken. Sir John Harrington, on a witty family, said the sexton was walking with Montague on a rainy day. "My Lord," says Sir John, "you come in out of the rain?" Thereupon he went into the Abbey, which, not being roofed, the rain fell on him. "Why we still get wet," said the Bishop. "My Lord," replied Sir John, "we do want something to cover us," and it was roofed immediately.

The Association having visited Weymouth, H. James's Church, which seems always to have been going alterations; the King's and Queen's Bath, on the site of the Roman Baths; Bellat's Hospital, with its low roof and curious little windows; St. John's Hospital; and St. Michael's Church, we left them just as dinner (about which the "Times" was so severe) was being served, and came back to London; but not we had seen one of the finest sights in England, Bath from the Beechen Cliff—the city of to-day, with its white stone buildings subduing their regularity in a their own light blue smoke. We walked up the cliff by way of a narrow lane burst out into this view of the city lying (as it were) in a basin at our feet, with the Abbey Church in the midst, looking like some extinct volcano gone lame, and resting on a score of crutches. The general effect of the city was as if all the antiquaries had got up very early that morning, and were the out-rides of their houses in honour of the British Archaeological Association. Neither did we leave without running over the Assembly Room. This is not the original building—that was burnt in 1828—upon its site was raised the Literary Institution—doubtless modelled after old traditions. We saw the reception room, with its portraits of Masters of the Ceremonies; the card room, where they used to play cards until lately; the tea room; the ball room, with its temporary orchestra; the rout seats; and the two billiard rooms. A fashionable resort belongs to a company, but is reputed to be a speculative gentleman, although, as the old water tale "It's as much as the lessee can pay his way now, even to concerts, and entertainments, and so on."



A SKETCH IN THE TOWN HALL, BRIDGEWATER, DURING THE SITTING OF THE ASSOCIATION.



GETTING OVER THE STILL AT WESTON IN GLIDING.

Indeed, the sexton, Samuel Rogers, assured us that it is only twenty years since the pillars were cleared; and there was an average of sixteen mural tablets to a pillar.

"These walls, adorned with monument and bust,  
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

So wrote one of the wits of Bath, Dr. Harrington, who, however, did not neglect to leave behind him a tablet like the rest.

There is one to Beau Nash, with the epitaph containing the line—  
"Of Youth the Guardian, and of All the friend."

Nor is Quin forgotten. But no better notion can be given of this condition of the church than by informing the reader that a "Directory to the Monuments" has been published. Bodies were interred inside the church until recently, the last date being 23rd January, 1845.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of this edifice is Prior Birde's Chapel, with the large W and funny little bird repeated in every manner and upon the slightest excuse. It is rather curious that there is a portion of this Chapel that has never been finished, and which shows clearly that only two artisans were employed upon it, and which serves also to mark the fact of its having been taken out of the hands of the Roman Catholics in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The roof of the chancel seems to have been put together

So after talking to a railway porter, who told us that he found shovel-full of Roman coins where workmen were excavating under the Abbey, we got into the railway train and left the conclusion of that day's proceedings to be reported by the "Times" Correspondent.

SATURDAY.—After breakfasting at 2s. 6d. a-head, and hearing a paper read by Mr. Searth, the Association started on an excursion to Hampton Down; from whence, after visiting Prior Park, Combe Down, Bathaston Church, Little Solsbury, Lansdowne, Walter's Excavations, the Roman and British Encampments, and the Chapel of St. Lawrence, they returned to Bath, to the concluding evening meeting at the Guildhall, where the Mayor of Bath took the chair, and a *conversazione* was held, with which concluded the Archaeological Congress of Bridgewater and Bath.



EMBLEM OF JUSTICE IN WELLS CATHEDRAL.



HIGH STREET, WELLS.

THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT BRIDGEWATER AND BATH.

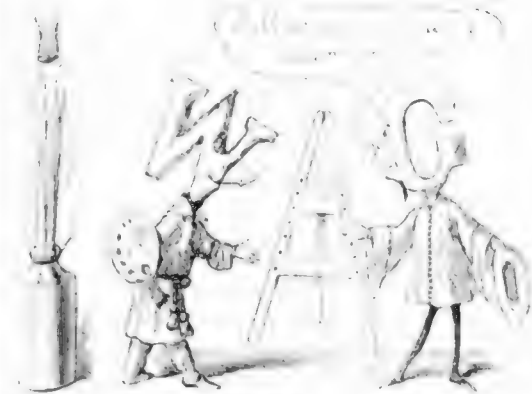


MOULDING FROM MONTAGUE PRIORY.



MOULDING FROM THE CHAPEL OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.





REBUS.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.  
Curfew—Curfew.

EXPLANATION OF REBUS IN LAST NUMBER.  
America was discovered by Columbus in 1492.

A Merry K was a disc-over-D by Colum: bus-in-MCCCCXII.

### THE MARINE AQUARIUM.

THE glimpses which have been obtained, through the medium of recent works, of the wonderful varieties of organisation that carpet the floor of the ocean, have excited the public curiosity in no ordinary manner. The beautiful works of Mr. Gosse, and the eloquent pages of the "Glaucus," of Mr. Kingsley, have been, perhaps, the most actively instrumental in producing this result; but the new department which has sprung up at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, having for its sole purpose the exhibition of some of the most curious examples of those singular organisations which seem to form a link between animal and vegetable life, has been the means of greatly extending the general longing for information on this interesting subject. The successful creation of those miniature oceans, within their walls of glass, by the indefatigable exertions of the secretary, Mr. Mitchell, and his able assistants, has suggested to numbers of private individuals the construction of similar receptacles for sea-water and its inhabitants upon a smaller scale, suited to the dimensions of ordinary apartments. Many have by judicious management succeeded in establishing a healthy growth in some of the most elegant and richly coloured seaweeds, and introducing among them colonies of the curious zoophytes, whose structure, while strictly animal in its principal functions, yet assumes the forms and colours of flowers; a peculiarity which has obtained for the different species such names as the sea-anemone, the sea-daisy, the sea-mesembryanthemum, the sea-cucumber, &c. These singular creatures form by far the most curious and beautiful features of the marine aquarium; but some of the richly-coloured star-fish, and many of the conspicuous mollusca, add greatly to the variety of a drawing-room ocean, and are moreover likely to remain healthy in their restricted domain. But to secure this result care must be taken to keep the water free from impurities, &c., by the means we are about to describe.

Some species of sea-fish are also very attractive, especially flat fish, of which the flounder is a convenient example. The singular undulating motion by which the act of swimming is effected by this tribe is very interesting to observe, and forms a singular contrast to the aquatic motions of those classes of fish, whose habits come more frequently under ordinary observation. Fish are, however, more difficult to preserve in a healthy state in aquaria, unless the water be frequently aerated, which requires some little arrangements which are somewhat troublesome, and a good deal of

careful and regular attendance, which some have neither the time nor the inclination to bestow. In these cases the inmates of the work-table sea had better be limited to zoophytes and mollusca, with a suitable plantation of crimson, purple, and emerald-green sea-weed; not forgetting, however, a few prawns and periwinkles, which act as marine scavengers, devouring any decaying vegetable or animal matter before it has time to taint the water and render it unfit for the healthful existence of the sea-anemones, daisies, and other zoophytes, &c.

Among the recent discoveries in the picturesque zoophyte tribe suited to aquaria, is the curious and ornamental species *Edwardsia vestita*, the specific name of which, "vestita," has been conferred upon it in consequence of its habit, unlike any other of its immediate congeners, of forming for itself a case or shell into which it can retire in a manner analogous to that of the better known mollusca or shell fish. The drawing below represents a group of these curious zoophytes, from the specimens in the Zoological Gardens. The tentacles of these curious creatures, which in their general appearance resemble the petals of a flower, close upon any small animal that comes within their range, and do not again expand till the captured prey has been absorbed by a process of digestion into the system of its zoophytic devourer.

In the engraving at the right-hand corner of the page are delineated, on a larger scale, some of the specimens shown in our general view of the aquarium. In the upper portion, is the remarkable *Actinia anguicomis*, with its singular drooping tentacles of pearly white, and its stem-like body or trunk of pale orange, studded with minute tubercles of a paler tone. Immediately below are a full and profile view of the splendid scarlet star-fish, *Geniaster equestris*, beautifully studded with tubercles of pale yellow. Below these, to the right, is a specimen of the handsome species—pale straw colour, with rich crimson marks—*Palmysses membranaceus*; and to the left, more deeply angulated, *Cribella oculata*, of a full bloom-like rose colour, fading to a delicate white on the under parts.

These are but a few examples taken haphazard from among the number of beautiful living objects, the development and habits of which may be studied in a marine aquarium, but our limited space does not allow of further illustration in the present article.

In establishing a marine aquarium, the first thing is to procure a proper glass vessel for the purpose. A very good one, of sufficient size to exhibit in health a small number of choice specimens, may be obtained for about twenty-five shillings from any of the numerous makers who have suddenly and almost simultaneously started into commercial existence. Among these, Mr. Smith, of 164, St. John Street Road, and Mr. Bohn, of Essex Street, Strand, happen to be known to us. We can therefore recommend their aquaria, without, however, vouching for their superiority over those of other makers. But a cheaper substitute for such a reservoir is a common pastry cook's glass shade, which can be procured for four or five shillings; the circular form, however, as in fish globes, distorts the forms of the objects unpleasantly.

The next step is to furnish the receptacle with sea water, or an artificial substitute; but we have ascertained from the experience of the



WHEEL-LOCK GUN, FORMERLY BELONGING TO CHARLES IX.

cellaria Belgica, and some others, and he tells us that they thrive well, and remained in fine condition for nineteen months without the water being once renewed. A couple of prawns may be added to the collection of zoophytes as cleansers, as well as two or three periwinkles.

In dusty places a glass cover may be put over the aquarium, and removed occasionally, but there is no actual necessity for covering up at all.

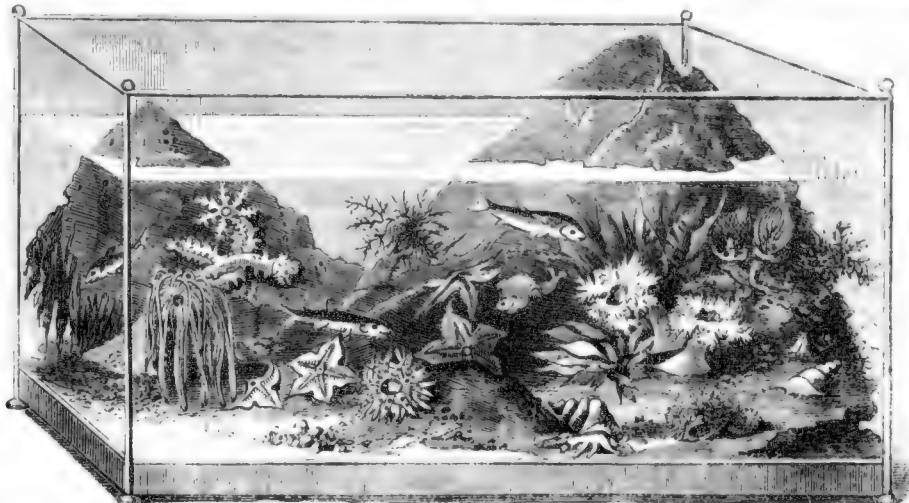
In case of introducing small fish, the water must be aerated once a day, which can be done by means of a drip from a vessel above the tank, or by means of a small syringe.

Either Mr. Bohn or Mr. Smith supply specimens of the marine animals for aquaria, but many of our subscribers at the sea side will probably prefer collecting for themselves.

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THIS beautiful wrought gun is reported to be the weapon used by Charles IX., of infamous memory, while assisting at the massacre of his Huguenot subjects. This kingly part was performed from one of the windows of the Louvre; but circumstantially as the story has been told, it really does need some tangible witness, such as this gun, to assist even the imagination of so atrocious a deed. Whatever the interest that may attach to this weapon, however, from its pre-



THE MARINE AQUARIUM, FURNISHED WITH SEA-ANEMONES, SEA-CUCUMBERS, STAR-FISH, ETC.

curators employed about the aquaria in the Zoological Gardens, that the pure sea water itself possesses many properties not to be found in any of the imitations hitherto contrived. In the sea water, the specimens not only live, but increase in bulk, while, in the artificial salt water, they rarely or never increase, and generally dwindle, though they may, it is true, be preserved in tolerable condition for a considerable time. To procure sea water, either apply to the makers of aquaria above-named, or send a nine or eighteen gallon cask to some friendly captain or steward of a steamer below London Bridge, who will fill it out at sea, and bring it back on his return, for a very trifling remuneration. Great care should, however, be taken that the cask be perfectly clean, or the consequences to the inmates of the aquarium would be fatal. Oak casks are best for this purpose.

Artificial sea water may be made of a few of the leading ingredients contained in the following table:—

Chloride of sodium	...	...	43½ ounces.
Chloride of magnesia	...	...	6 "
Chloride of potassium	...	...	1½ "
Bromide of magnesium	...	...	21 grains.
Sulphate of magnesia	...	...	7½ ounces.
Sulphate of lime	...	...	2½ "
Carbonate of lime	...	...	21 grains.

These ingredients, in the proportions mentioned, will be sufficient for nine gallons and five pints of water.

From these, Mr. Gosse, in his excellent manual, states that he selected the leading components, in the following proportions, and at the small cost shown:—

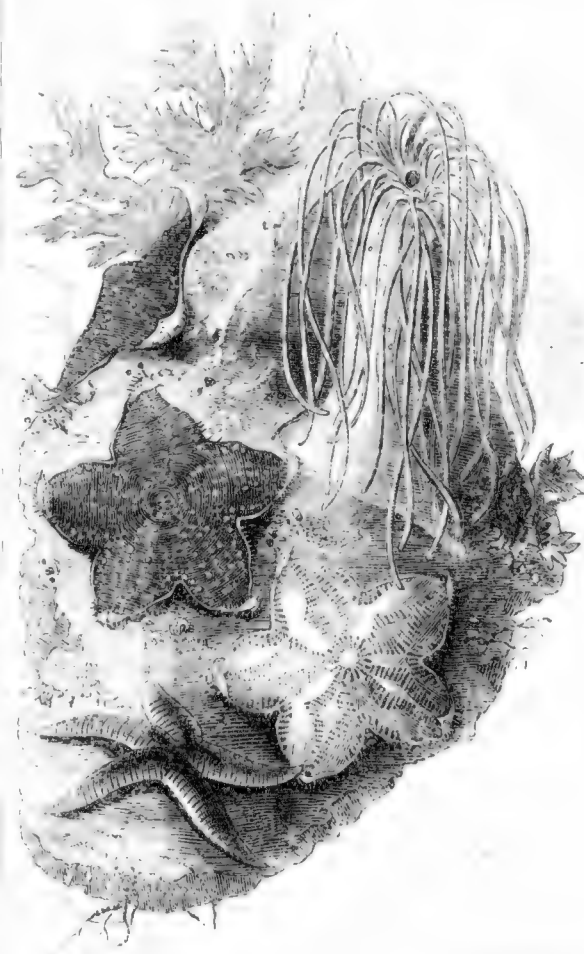
d.	Common table salt	...	3½ oz.
1	Epsom salts	...	2½ "
3	Chloride of magnesium	...	200 grs. }
1½	Chloride of potassium	...	40 " } Troy.
6½			

To these were added four quarts of water filtered through a sponge on the day after mixing.

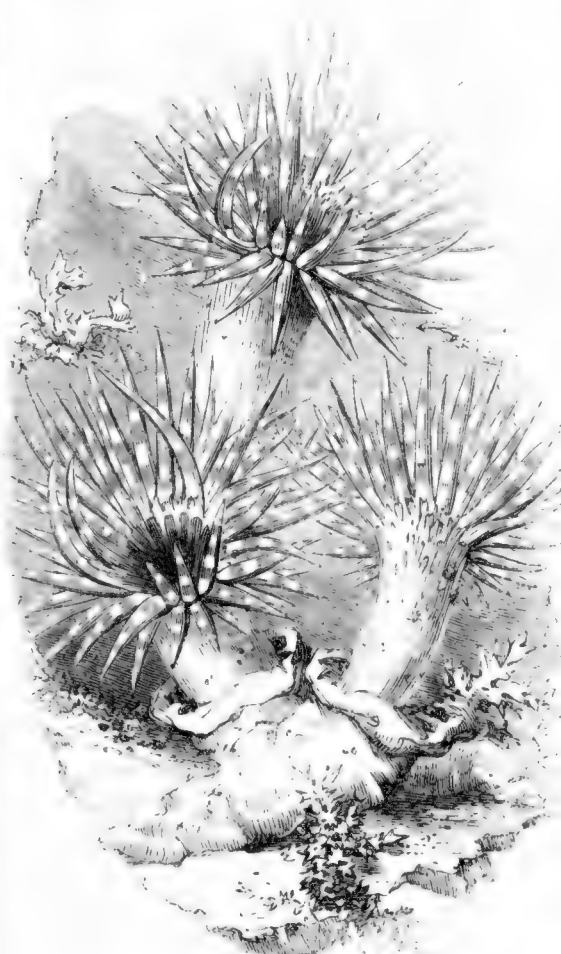
When the water, either sea or artificial, has been allowed to settle in the aquarium for a few days, the sea weeds may be introduced. The prettiest and most suitable of the pink kinds are *Rhylophora pinastroides*, *Chondrus crispus*, *Phyllophora rubens*, the *Griffithsea*, *Gelidium carneum*, and others. The fuci are objectionable on account of their sliminess, and neither ear weeds nor tangles are recommended. Of the green species, *Codium Tomentosum* affords food to the mollusca that will eat nothing else, and the *Cladophora*, *Bryopsis plumosa*, and others, are pretty and valuable. All the sponges should be cleaned from the pieces of rock placed in the reservoir, or they decay and corrupt the water. But of all sea-weeds the sea-lettuce, *Ulva latissima*—with its bright green leaves, thin as tissue paper, and curiously puckered at the edge—is the most valuable, as it thrives well in confinement, and gives out plenty of gas bubbles, which serve to aerate the water in a natural manner. Sea animals cannot exist, in fact, without the supply of oxygen thrown off by marine plants under the action of light.

When the sea-weeds are well established, in about a week or ten days the animals may be introduced with much greater chance of success than at first, and until the spores of the ulva and other weeds are settled.

Mr. Gosse, whose admirable works every amateur should read, placed in an aquarium, containing one gallon of artificial sea water, specimens of *Actinia mesembryanthemum*, a *Serpula triquetra*, *Cellularia ciliata*, *Pedi-*



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EMBELLISHED WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KILBURN.

BY HENRY MAYHEW,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR."

ASSUREDLY the history and character of the Great Metropolis, in the nineteenth century, is still an unwritten book. There are many clever and learned works on London—regarding it as a vast mass of bricks and mortar—a kind of civic "natural curiosity"—but none as yet viewing it as a huge human "civarium," wherein one learns the habits of the many "odd-fish" collected within it.

There are not a few metropolitan topographers who treat of *Old London*, discoursing, pleasantly enough, of the time when "St. Giles's" really stood "in the fields," when St. John's Wood could boast a few trees, and when bowls were played in Pall Mall; and telling us, too, how some great dead "lion" was formerly caged in this or that house, and how Watling Street, in the time of the Romans, was the high road to the Provinces that are now reached by the North Western Railway.

Some London historians, on the other hand, are eminently learned concerning the climate and geology of the capital; whilst others, like Mr. McBlue-book, are intensely didactic and professorially prosy upon the subject of London Institutions and the London Census.

Of London Scenes, however, and London Society—of London contemplated *morally* rather than physically—as the great centre of human emotion—the scene of countless daily struggles, failures and successes, as well as of the wildest passions and the keenest misery; of London, where the very best and the very worst types of civilized society are found to prevail—with its prodigious wealth and enormous commerce—the choice learning, profound science, and high art of some of its people, existing in close companionship, as it were, with the most acute want, and ingrained vice, and brutal ignorance of others—the sweet Christian charity of many, raising palatial hospitals and asylums for the indigent and afflicted, and the bitter stony-heartedness of not a few, grinding, like the Ogre in the story, the bones of their work-people to make their bread;—these, as we have said, are phenomena hardly yet numbered among our literary records, but are matters the chronicles of which surely may be included among the "*desiderata*" of the Great Library of the British Museum.

It is the aspiration of the writer of the work here announced, that he may be able, in some measure, to supply the biblical deficiency, and to present to the public such a word-picture of the Great Metropolis as it exists at the present time, that those who are familiar with the scenes and characters described may be pleased with the book for its mere truth, while those who have never visited the places and the people may yet have some ideal sense of them, and so find a picturesque charm in the very peculiarities of the subjects themselves.

What the author formerly attempted to do for a comparatively small and obscure portion of the community—viz., the London Street Folk—he will, in his new publication, endeavour to carry out for *all* classes. With this view, THE GREAT WORLD OF LONDON will be divided into a number of subordinate metropolitan spheres, such as LEGAL LONDON, MEDICAL LONDON, RELIGIOUS LONDON, &c., &c., as detailed in the annexed epitome of the contents of the entire series. In the present work, too, the writer proposes being less minute and elaborate, so as to be able, within a reasonable compass, to deal with almost every type of Metropolitan Society; still the same mode of treatment will be pursued as in "London Labour and the London Poor"—that is to say, there will be a strict adherence to facts, and a careful exclusion of the author's individual opinion concerning the subjects touched upon; whilst, as an earnest of the truthfulness of the narratives and descriptions, Engravings, from Daguerreotypes or Photographs, of the scenes and characters described, will accompany the literature,—literature in which the reader may rest assured that no rhetorical arts will be used to give a false or exaggerated interest to the matter.

### "THE GREAT WORLD OF LONDON,"

Will be divided into, and described under, the following Heads:—

**LEGAL LONDON.**—Courts of Law and Equity; Bankruptcy, Insolvent, Ecclesiastical, County and Police Courts; Appeals in the House of Lords; Judges, Barristers, and Magistrates—their Habits and Manners, and Average Incomes; Bedford and Russell Squares; Inns of Court; Keeping Terms; Chambers; Barristers' Clerks; Attorneys; Sharp and "Respectable" Practitioners; Chancery Lane and the Law Offices; Tricks of Legal "Gents, one, &c.;" Average Incomes; Attorneys' Clerks; Law Stationers; Sheriffs' Offices and Sponging Houses; Debtors' Prisons; Life in the Bench and Whitecross Street; Station-houses; Old Bailey Trials; Criminal Prisons and Reformatories; Prison Life; Statistics as to the Number of Individuals belonging to Legal London, and the Sum annually spent upon Law in the Metropolis.

**MEDICAL LONDON.**—Hospitals; Lectures and Operations; Fashionable Physicians and Apothecaries; Habits, and Manners, and Average Incomes of ditto; Medical Examinations; Dispensaries; Quacks and their Tricks; Medical Students; Life of Chemists and Chemists' Assistants; Sick Nurses; Monthly ditto; Medical Societies; Mad-Houses, and Mad-Doctors, and Keepers; Idiot Asylums, &c.; Statistics as to Average Gains of the several individuals connected with Medical London, and the Gross Sum spent annually upon Medical Advice and Medicine in London.

**RELIGIOUS LONDON.**—Churches and Chapels of the Metropolis; Popular Preachers; "Pet Parsons;" Poor Curates; May Meetings; Peculiar Sects—Mormons, Southcotians, Swedenborgians, &c.; Tract Societies; Income, and Expenditure, and Influence of ditto; Visiting Societies; London Missions and Scripture Readers; Charity Dinners, Soup Kitchens, and Fancy Fairs; Philanthropic Institutions, and Asylums—Deaf and Dumb, and Blind, and Orphan, &c.; Weddings, and Funerals, and Cemeteries; Parish Meetings; Select Vestries; Sons of Clergy and other Societies; with Estimate as to Number and Average Incomes of the several Individuals connected with Religion in the Metropolis.

**COMMERCIAL LONDON.**—Docks; Brokers, and Factors; Shipping and Custom-house Agents; Suffrage Wharves; Lloyds; Royal Exchange; Stock ditto, and Habits and Manners of Members; Banks and Clearing-Houses; Bankers and Bankers' Clerks; Money Lenders, Bill Discounters, Pawnbrokers and "Dolly Shops;" Amount of Capital, with Rate of Interest paid by various Classes; Warehouses; Merchants and Merchants' Clerks; Estimate as to Gross Annual Extent of Metropolitan Commerce; City Companies and Halls, &c.; Average Incomes of Merchants, &c.; Travellers and Commission Agents.

**SHOP LONDON.**—Shops, Descriptions of, and peculiar quarters for distinct Trades; Average rate of Profit of various Trades;

Tricks of Trade and Adulterations; Respectable Houses; "Pushing" Houses; Shopmen and Early-closing Associations; Statistics.

**LITERARY LONDON.**—Newspapers and Periodicals; Costs of Producing and Profits; Daily Journals and Journalists; Influence of the Press; Rate of Remuneration for Contributions, and Habits and Incomes of the Press Writers and Reporters, and Penny-a-Liners; Paternoster-Row on Magazine-Day; Book-sellers and Authors; "Subscribing" a Book; Advertisements and Advertising Agents; Printers and Pressmen, "Readers" and "Devils;" News-vendors and News-boys, &c., with Statistics, &c.

**THEATRICAL LONDON.**—Theatres; Behind the Scenes, Green Room; Reading a Piece, Rehearsals, First Night, and Boxing Night; Actors, Scene Shifters, "Supers," Chorus, Ballet Dancers; Scene Painters, Costumiers, Property Men, and Machinists, &c.; Promenade Concerts and Masquerades; Theatrical Taverns; Salaries of Actors; Dramatists, and Prices paid for Pieces; with Statistics, &c.

**FASHIONABLE LONDON.**—Queen's Drawing-rooms and Levées; Balls, Almacks, Morning Fêtes, and Receptions; Rotten Row; Italian Opera; Kensington Gardens, Philharmonic Concerts; Belgravia and Tyburnia; Habits of Fashionable People; "Out of Town," &c.

**POLITICAL LONDON.**—Houses of Lords and Commons; Reporters' Gallery; Opening Parliament; Government Offices and Clerks; Whitebait Dinners; Political Clubs—Reform, Conservative, &c.; Electioneering Agents; Chartist Meetings; Debating Societies; Cogers' Hall; Elections and Hustings, &c.; Municipal Government; Lord Mayor, and Aldermen, and Common Council, &c.

**"GENTEEL" LONDON.**—Middle Class Life; ditto Parties; Suburbs of London—Clapham, Kensington, St. John's Wood, Camden Town, &c.; Domestic Meannesses and Displays; Poor Relations; Habits and Manners of "Stuck-up" People, &c.

**MILITARY LONDON.**—Horse Guards and Management of Army; London Barracks and Barrack Life; Officers' Messes; Promotion by Purchase and Interest; Soldiers in Park; Habits of Common Soldiers; Sweethearts of ditto; Chelsea Hospital; Hospitals for Wounded; Reviews, &c.

**NAUTICAL LONDON.**—East End of London; the Pool; Foreign Steamers; the Thames Above and Below Bridge; Sailors, and Sailors' Homes, and Lodging Houses, and Taverns; Emigration Agents and their Tricks; Crimps; Watermen; Penny and Twopenny Steamers; Aquatic Societies; Rowing Matches, &c.

**MARKET LONDON.**—Markets and Market Houses; Billingsgate—its Salesmen, and "Roughs," and Fish-houses; Green

Markets—Covent Garden and Borough, &c.; Cattle Market; Meat Markets; Leadenhall; Hay Markets; Hide ditto; Licensed Porters, and Drovers, and Salesmen, &c.; with Estimate as to the Annual Amount of Provisions, &c., sent to London, and Value of ditto.

**WORKING LONDON.**—Trades and Trade Societies, and Houses of Call and Benefit Clubs; Various Modes of Reducing Wages; Honourable and Dishonourable Masters; Workers in different Materials, and their Average Gains; Diseases of Trades; Average Duration of Life among Trades; Chemical Workers—as Dyers, Soap-Manufacturers, Bone-Boilers, Glue Manufacturers, &c., with Annual Income of London Workmen.

**SERVING LONDON.**—Different Classes of Servants, from Housekeepers to Maids of All-Work; Treatment of ditto by Mistresses; Habits and Tricks of Servants; Servants out of Place; Characters; False ditto; Servants' "Homes," and Offices for Hiring Servants; Provident Institutions for Servants, with Average Wages and Gross Annual Sum Paid in London to Domestic.

**LOCOMOTIVE LONDON.**—"Buses" and Bussmen; Cabs and Drivers; Coachmen and Grooms; "Glass Coaches" and "Flies;" Post-Boys and Donkey-Boys; Excursion Vans; Car-men and Porters; Railway Termini; Parcels Delivery Company; Post and Postmen, &c., with Statistics as to Sums Paid for Carriage of individuals and Goods.

**STREET LONDON.**—Street People—Life of, and Different Classes of, with Income of each; Description of Streets; Traffic of ditto; Streets at different Times; London Streets at Early Morning; ditto by Night; ditto in Summer; ditto in Winter, &c.; Sewers of London; Water and Gas Pipes of ditto; Lighting of ditto; Cleansing and Paving of ditto; with Gross Cost of.

**FAST LONDON.**—Fast Men; Casinos; Evans', Cyder Cellars; Saloons; Oyster and Supper Rooms; Dog Fights and Rat Killing; Pugilists' Taverns; Running Matches; Wrestling ditto; Gambling and "Hells;" Betting Houses; London on Derby Day; Cricketing at Lord's, &c.

**POOR LONDON.**—Honest Poor; Needle-women; Soldiers' Clothes Makers; Beggars and Beggars' Tricks; Beggars' Referees and Beggings Letters; "Fakements" and "Slums;" Standing "Shallow," &c.

**CRIMINAL LONDON.**—Thieves—Different Classes of; Mobsmen, Magmen, Burglars, Smashers, Fences; Petticoat Lane; Cant Language; Gypsies, Vagrants, &c.

**EXHIBITION LONDON.**—MUSICAL AND ARTISTIC LONDON.—EATING AND DRINKING LONDON.—SCHOLASTIC LONDON.—FOREIGNERS' LONDON.—REFUSE LONDON.—SUBURBAN LONDON.—ANCIENT LONDON.—GENERAL VIEW OF LONDON, &c., &c.

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